



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

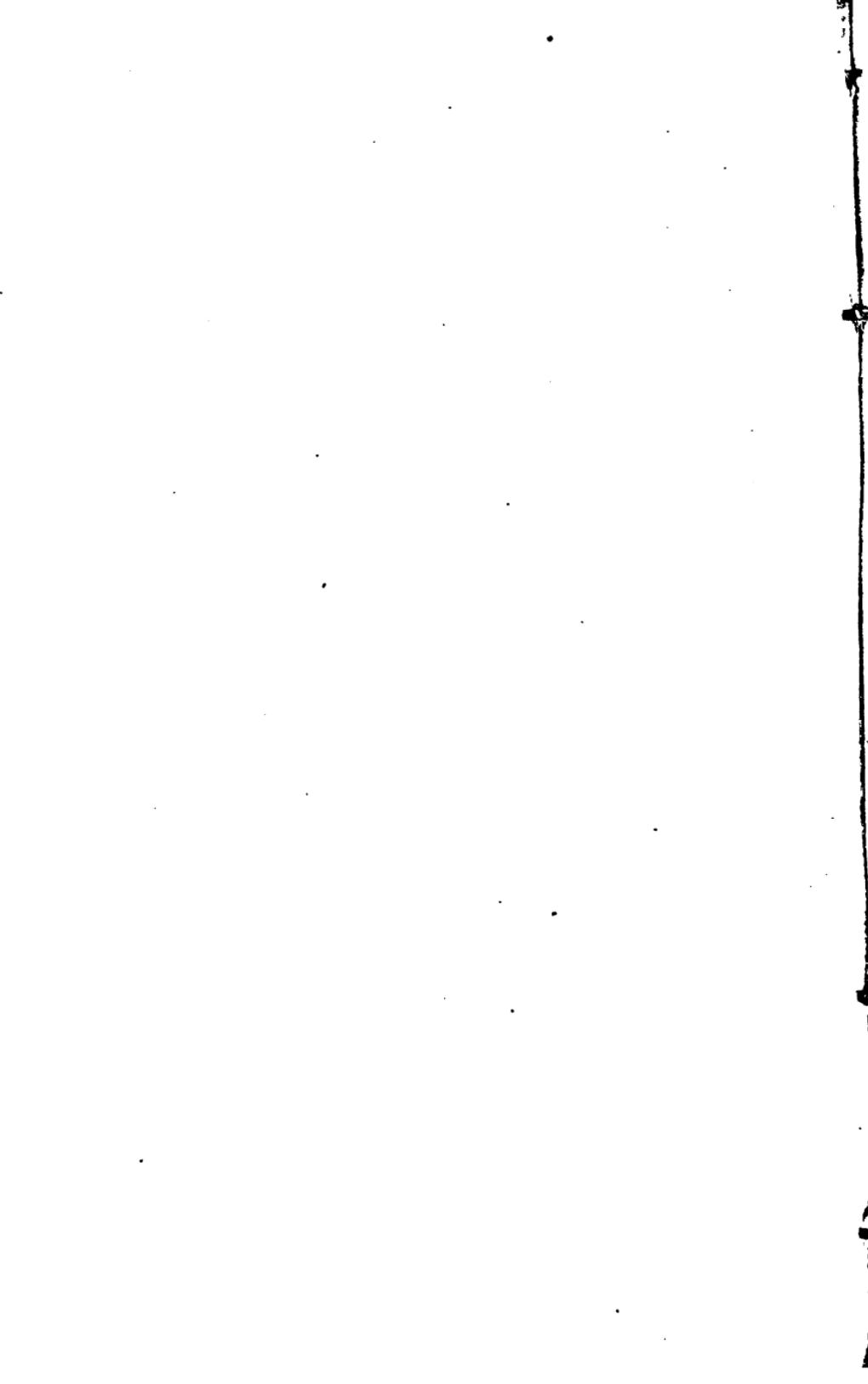
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>





H. H.
1866



S T U D I E S

BY

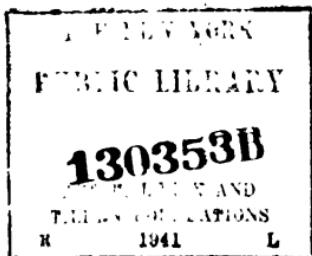
JOHN A. DORGAN.

THIRD EDITION.

PHILADELPHIA :
PUBLISHED BY CHARLES H. MAROT,
No. 605 ARCH STREET.

1866.

WV

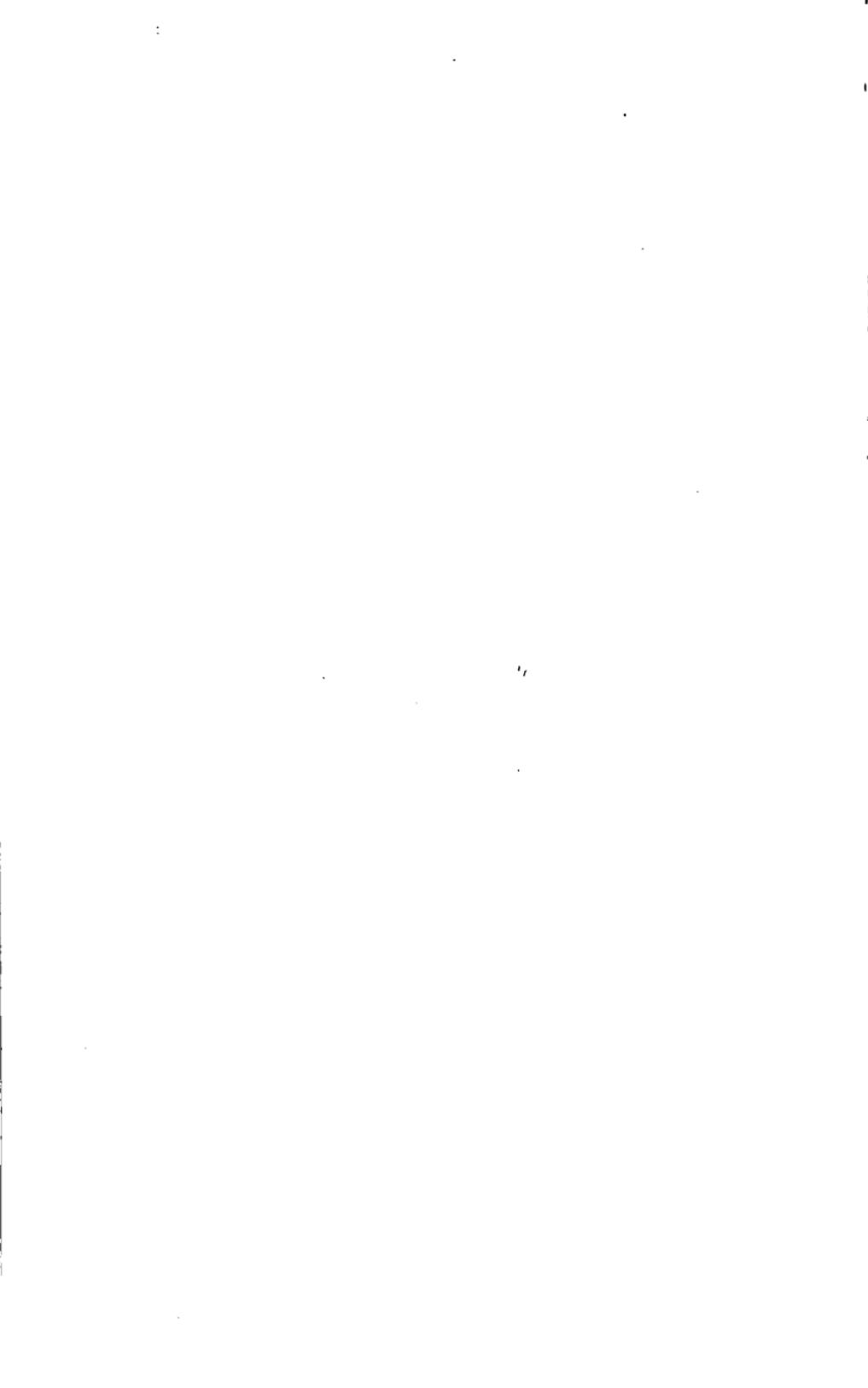


Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862,
BY JOHN A. DORGAN,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of
Pennsylvania.

TO
JOSEPH BALL, ESQ.,
OF FRANKFORD,
THESE PAGES ARE INSCRIBED,
AS A SLIGHT TOKEN OF THE REGARD
OF HIS FRIEND,
THE AUTHOR.

WOR 19 FEB '36



CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
LEGION,	1
THE POET'S LOVE,	9
FATE,	11
THE TRIUMPH OF THE TRUTH,	12
NEVER,	16
POPPIES,	17
HYMN TO NIGHT,	21
REMORSE,	24
THE EXILE,	25
WHY HAVE WE MET ?	27
MEDUSA,	28
CALM,	29
OCEAN,	31
THE DEAD SOLOMON,	32
THE LOVERS,	36
ENDYMION,	38
GLAMOUR,	40
SONNETS,	41
LETHE,	47
SIR RUPERT,	49
THE TIDE,	51
K.,	52
WINTER,	54
THE NEW POET,	55

LONG AGO,	59
THE NIGHTINGALE,	61
TO—,	63
THE DREAMER,	64
THE VOICE,	66
LINES,	67
THE CASTLE IN THE AIR,	68
THE MERMAID,	70
DISENCHANTED,	72
SIR ROHAN,	73
THE BURIAL OF THE CONQUEROR,	75
SONG—GONE,	83
TANNHAUSER,	84
THE SAME,	94
THE CHARMER,	97
THE RIVER OF TEARS,	98
BITTER SWEET,	101
THE TEMPTATION OF THE ACTOR,	103
THE FALLEN STAR,	106
THE IRON HARP,	107
FIRST LOSS,	109
THE DEFORMED,	111
BOAT SONG,	114
KAVALISKA,	116
BEAUTY,	118
THE STATUE,	119
A FAREWELL,	121
THE STARS,	122
THE CAP AND BELLS,	123

TOO LATE,	124
TWILIGHT,	126
TO A FRIFND,	127
LOST,	128
KING DEATH,	129
THE THOUGHT,	131
ERNEST HAY,	132
IN ARCTIS,	135
IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN,	139
THE GHOSTS,	140
THE ROSE,	141
THE MYSTIC,	142
HOW SHALL WE WED ?	143
MELANCHOLIA,	144
✓ POE,	146
MAN AND WOMAN,	147
UNA,	149
TO EARTHLY BEAUTY,	151
AUTUMN,	152
UNREST,	154
NO,	156
FAME,	157
THE BARD OF PAIN,	159
THE KISS,	160
SONG—LET US FORGET,	161
THE DEATH BED,	162
AGNES,	166
SYLVIA,	167
CHANGED,	168

DEPARTED,	170
MARAH,	171
THE GATE,	172
DREAMS,	173
NOT YET,	174
THE TROLL'S CAPTIVE,	175
THE PHILTRE,	177
THE SPHYNX,	179
TIME,	180
TENDER AND TRUE,	181
AMIDST THE DARKNESS,	183
WHY SLEEPS THY SOUL ?	185
NOVEMBER,	187
THE PAST AND FUTURE,	188
THE GARDEN,	191
OUR LOVE,	192
PSYCHE,	194
THE STATESMAN,	196
MENE, MENE,	198
✓ THE MARTYR,	200
✓ THE SWORD OF FIRE,	202
THE NEW YEAR, 1858,	204
THE NEW YEAR, 1861,	206
FROM THE DEAD,	208
THE HERALD,	210
✓ BURNS,	211
THE WILD WAVES,	214
BY THE SEA,	216
THE PRAISE OF SORROW,	217
THE REST OF BOODH,	219

L E G I O N .

I.

I read ; and evermore my heart in time
With the wild music of the poet throbbed ;
Now it arose, serene, assured, sublime,
And now, impatient and uncertain, sobbed :

It shook with ecstacy the panting stars ;
In dungeons dank it made its rayless lair ;
It rent its chains, and wrenched away its bars,
In agonies of ultimate despair.

And then I wept, who long for deathless fame,
Because the words I utter are so weak,
Whose fate I reckon not, accepting shame
As justly mine, so coldly do I speak.

A

II.

With bitter sneers or idle stares
They pass the Future's poet by,
Nor know a richer soul than theirs
Mocks at their haughtier penury.

But could they lift the veil that clips
The secrets of the years to be,
What passionate joy would touch their lips,
And they would gaze how differently !

For he shall wear the laurel crown ;
And all the world, with dazzled eyes,
Shall listen, gazing toward his throne
In eagle depths of blazing skies.

III.

Like lightnings of the summer night,
That come and go without a sound,
Great thoughts have fill'd me with delight,
And passing, left a gloom profound.

As if a prophet should be weak
To speak God's word, even so with me ;
For I am dumb; I cannot speak
The beauty I was born to see.



Harsh destiny ! as if there were
Lovers, whom fate forbids to wed,
And love to part ; who, pining near
Each other, wish that they were dead.

Patience, my soul ! I said of yore,
For time shall touch thy silent lips ;
And thou shalt speak thy secret lore,
In music brighter for eclipse.

Or else, I said, the dreams will cease,
That vex thee with their riddles high ;
Than thus to dwell, and know not peace,
'Twere better, so methinks, to die.

I erred : my lips are sealed as then ;
Nor ceased my dreams, but more they come ;
I wander lonely amongst men,
Who know not that my soul is dumb—

Like ships that spell-bound roam the deep,
And pass by many a happy shore,
And know the weary watch they keep
Shall be in vain forevermore.

IV.

My heart is old

In the sorrowful thought, in the tearful lorc,
That only the poet's eye hath read,

That only the poet's tongue hath told.

My heart is cold,

As the sleet that clings to the branches frore,
As the sightless winds that howling tread

In the dreary midnight the shimmering wold.

Great thoughts in glory or in gloom arrayed

Like thunder clouds across my soul are borne ;
But what avails it ? One by one, they fade,

And I remain forlorn ;

Sullen and sad,

I sit, and feel, as they fade and die,

The silent sorrow that maketh mad

With the deathly stare of its stony eye.—

The indignant spirit beats its bars ;

It trembles for the happy stars.

V.

For beauty I longed from my youth,

And truth :

And the hunger I felt, and the thirst,

Were accurst :

And I weep that the sounds of my lyre
Shall expire ;
That the rapture I breathe, and the pain,
Are in vain.

For the shapes that I chase,
If a moment I clasp,
Die in my fiery gaze,
Fade in my passionate grasp,
Like the streams in the desert that sink,
As the pilgrim approaches to drink.

And the poet shall die ; but his strain,
And the rapture it breathes, and the pain,
Shall remain,
And like winds from the garden of God,
With perfume and melody shod,
Wander abroad.

Oh, could I speak the desire
That clothes me with fire !
And oh, could I utter the woe
That I know,
As I feel that in vain I aspire !

VI.

Low voices, chanting mournful ditties,
Trouble the silence of my sleep ;
Like bells that peal in sunken cities,
Stirred by blind motions of the deep.

They whisper of the dream departed,
And of the aspiration fled,
The love that perished broken-hearted,
The hope that smiled and fell down dead.

Oh, who shall guide the plough, contented,
With hands that might have swayed the sword?
And I have wept, but not relented,
Hearing those mournful murmurs poured.

For who but I shall bear this burden ?
But all who will may gather flowers :
And take of such the proffered guerdon,
Glad spirits of more blissful hours.

A traitor ! Loyal to the beauty
That is forevermore am I :
He serveth best who serveth duty,
Though by to-morrow it may die.

VII.

I fling the gauntlet down to Time—
To Time, that mocks my feeble rhyme :
I spit at Fate, that does me wrong—
At Fate, that drowns my dying song.

Oh thou art strong, and sharp thy scythe,
Old graybeard ; and thy limbs are lithe :
And thou art stern, detested Fate ;
And I am weak, and yet must wait.

But oh, be sure the soul grows strong
In battle fierce, and suffering long !
Sinews of hate and thews of woe
Have conquered many a haughty foe :

They clothe with lightning every bone
Of this defiant skeleton ;
Immortal hate, immortal pain,
Are burning in each bursting vein.

Come on ! I scorn ye, Time and Fate !
I feel that ye have made me great,
And by myself I swear that ye
My slaves, my suppliants, shall be.

Henceforth we part not ! Crouch, and own
Your creature-master. Have I won
Already ? Ha ! the truth appears—
Ye are but victors by our fears ;
And he, who dares your wrath, shall be
Your chosen lord, and only he.

THE POET'S LOVE.

Oh love! I hope to win a name
That endless time shall lessen not;
And all the universe aflame
Glows in the fervor of my thought;
And my swift fancy comes and goes,
A splendor robed in light divine,
And like an ocean, ebbs and, flows
This boundless poet heart of mine.

For me the flowers their perfumes keep;
For me the stars their choral chants;
And if I wake, or if I sleep,
Beauty, the mystery that pants
For the embrace of strength, is near,
To me unveils her pensive face,

And smiles upon me without fear,
In many a wild and lonesome place.

And fiercer are the fires of day,
And deeper are the glooms of night,
That opening inward, far away,
Unfold to my anointed sight;
And it is thine, to say to me,
Which I shall take for my abode,
Infinite bliss or misery,
The Pit of Hell, the throne of God.

F A T E .

These withered hands are weak,
But they shall do my bidding, though so frail ;
These lips are thin and white, but shall not fail
The appointed words to speak.

Thy sneer I can forgive,
Because I know the strength of destiny ;
Until my task is done I cannot die,
And then I would not live.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE TRUTH.

The middle of the night drew on apace,
And, sad of mood, alone, afar I stood,
Where the dank moonlight filled an open space,
Amidst an ancient wood.

Methought that, through the silence of the night,
I heard sweet music coming from afar,
That, with the eagerness of its delight,
Did tremble like a star.

And I heard songs of triumph chaunted loud,
That nigher seemed to draw and ever nigher ;
Now swooning earthward like a heavy cloud,
Now surging up like fire.

And louder evermore the music grew,
With its shrill ecstacy drawing the breath ;
The songs of triumph shook the infinite blue
With tremors as of death.

Then silence fell ; and through the open space,
In which I stood, a strange procession passed,
Moving as noiselessly upon the grass
As spirits on the blast.

Out of the darkness of the wood they came ;
Into the darkness opposite they went—
Imperial forms, whose gestures did proclaim
The depth of their content.

Thrilled their fierce lips and flashed their earnest
eyes
With joy, as they upon each other gazed ;
Flushed were their faces thin, and to the skies
Their wasted arms were raised.

I knew the pageant was the triumph high
Of Truth : I knew these were her worshippers ;
For this, for this, who perished silently.
In the unreturning years !

These passed, and then, with hopeless eyes down-cast,

Each with his hands clasped on his burning heart,
There came a vanquished throng, who each, aghast,
Walked moodily apart :

And in each visage woe unspeakable,
In many strange contortions, could I see,
Which of the undying worm and flames of hell
Hinted unwillingly.

They passed, and after them, a thing of terror,
The goddess they had worshipped, with a sneer
Upon her queenly countenance—the Error !
Above or shame or fear :

For though the sceptre from her hand was riven,
And from her brow the circle, she kept still
Her evil beauty which divided heaven
And her desire for ill.

She gazed around her with a weary air ;
Not without reason was she deified ;
Troubled, indeed, but mailed against despair,
In passion and in pride.

Last, in a stately chariot, trembling, wan,
The victor, Truth. Her eyes were full of tears;
For from that hour her peaceful reign began,
And all the happy years

Of all the infinite To-Be were her's ;
What marvel that she wept and trembled then ?
Fallen were the Error and her worshippers,
Never to rise again !

And they were gone—and once again arose
The music that beffitted such a sight,
And, as the sea convulsed with tempest throes,
It thundered through the night :

As if a whirlwind passed, the trees were rent ;
The forest fell to dust, on every side ;
And I grew mad, and shouted my delight,
And swooned : would I had died !

N E V E R .

There is never a cloud in the sky,
Nor a breath of wind to stir the forests leafless and
dreary;
No forests so deep and dark, no sky so solemn and
high,
As the love that makes life weary.

Oh! let the sky above
Grow dark, and the barren woods to their hearts
by a storm be shaken:
For to-night, to-night, I will dream ; I will dream
of her I love,
And die ere I awaken.

P O P P I E S .

Wild faces full of pain around me glow
Upon the dark ; and sounds of wrong
Are in my ear ;
And, low and clear,
At fitful intervals I hear,
Soothing the discord, strains of solemn song
By angels chanted, sweeping by
In argent calm, as from the cloudy sky
The moon breaks forth, and all the dread
Of darkness suddenly is fled.

Spring, and the woods their green renew !
Spring, and the skies again are blue !
I feel a feverish bliss that grows to pain,
A drowsy poison in each languid vein ;

I long for action ; to endure or do
I care not what ; for here, by slow degrees,
My soul is wasted in inglorious ease.

Vain longing ! Idle dream ! Why should I rise ?
Let it suffice,
I can but will not. 'Tis the sense
Of gods in their omnipotence,
This longing in the calm of the skies ;
But they are wise,
And let the tempest sweep, and reap the sword,
The dull, dense regions of the painful earth,
Tempering with sounds abhorred
The too, too sweet accord
Of their melodious mirth.

Why should I rise ?
I mock the wise :
For all the secrets of the skies,
The glory bards desire in vain,
The maddening rapture, the delicious pain
Of love that bard hath never known or sung
With cloying words and honeyed tongue,
The wealth of every sea and every land
Are mine, and only mine ;

And mine, and only mine, the calm divine,
That who that hath not felt shall understand.

Why should I rise ?

I gaze with all-compelling eyes,
And lo ! the desert blooms, and earth grows paradise ;
And crowded marts and battlemented walls,
Turrets, and domes, and spires of strange device,
Wild woods and snowy mountains,
Calm lakes, swift torrents, and the splash of foun-
tains,
And murmurous sound of gleaming waterfalls,
Are where the naked silence dwelt, like some mad
monk, so long !

I listen : golden numbers float
Unto me, starry strains of sweetest song,
And thoughts of things remote.

Oh, it is sweet to dream as I have dreamed,
To dream as I am dreaming ;
For only thought is real ! What hath seemed
Hath been. Is, what is seeming.
Why should I strive the thought to carve in stone
That stone cannot express ; in words,
The passion that no tongue hath known ;

In sound, the strains that mock our subtlest chords ?
So, let me know them, and so let them go,
Unuttered unto all beside below.

HYMN TO NIGHT.

Oh, Night! Black Night! Slow-footed, starless
Night!

Stoop down and let me fold thee to my soul;
For of the majesty of thy despair
I am a part, and thou a part of me.

Darkness in earth and heaven, and in my heart!
I own thy strength. How often have I gazed
Upon thee thus! Gloomy and fell as now
Wast thou; but I was happier, as I thought,
And understood not thy wild tenderness:
But now, stoop down, and with a kiss forgive me,
For henceforth I will worship thee alone.

There was a time I would have questioned thee ;
For men have held thee wise, and full of craft,
Potent for good and ill, but most for ill,
And empress of a realm of mysteries,
Of dreams and omens, and all hidden things,
The awful secrets thine of destiny,
The lost past, unknown future, life, and death ;
And questioned thee, in whispers, shuddering
Even as they questioned thee, dreading thy answer,
Which came not. Now I will not bid thee speak,
For could I ask a boon, that boon were death,
And thou canst give it not, nor yet withhold,
But art as sad and feeble as myself,
Strong only even as I myself am strong,
Strong only in the patience to endure,
And the serenity of thy despair,
Which is immortal.

Solemn, godlike Night !
Thou answerest not by voice, or sight, or sense.
Shall earthly frailty move thee from thy calm ?
A thousand sounds of man's discordant life,
Sad as the earth upon the coffin-lid
When mortal hopes are ended, in thy ear

I have fallen thus—thy hollow gloom remains,
Nor more, nor less, but evermore the same,
As if they were not, or as if thou wast not,
The silence of the dead unto the dead,
The darkness of the riddle of the world.

I would not have it otherwise, Enough
To know thy secret and thy sympathy.
The silence of thy sovereign nature keep,
Oh, awful Night ! I, too, henceforth, will be
Dumb, in the voiceless cloisters of my heart
Shutting the stony quiet which I feel.

R E M O R S E .

I die. I know that men shall haunt my grave—
Great men, to weep a kindred spirit fled—
Whose souls in hours of mirthfulness and gloom,
Upon my verses fed ;

I know the critics shall be kind at last ;
I know the world shall deem that not in vain
I lived ; but I—alas, oh barren past !
Would I could live again !

THE EXILE.

Shadows of lost delight! arise
And move my darksome soul to tears ;
Renew the light of faded skies,
The rapture of the fallen spheres ;
For I will give to night to these ;
To-morrow to the stormy seas—
Beyond them, it may be, is peace !

Even as I speak, the past returns ;
I dwell again in Paradise ;
Around the ardent spring-tide burns ;
Above us laugh the happy skies ;
All things in gladness onward move,
And earth beneath and heaven above
Are full of love and only love.

Of all that joy a part are we ;
Of all that love we share the bliss ;
And know the years to come shall be
As full of happiness as this :—
I drain my madness to the lees,—
To-morrow to the stormy seas,—
Beyond them, it may be, is peace !

For all the rapture was my own ;
And all the falsehood hers ; and so,
The dream that lit the earth is gone,
And I the dreamer sadly go :
No more of mournful memories ;
To-morrow to the stormy seas,—
Beyond them, it may be, is peace !

WHY HAVE WE MET?

Why have we met ? Each gazing upon each,
With vain desire we wither and grow pale,
Whom love forbids to love, forbids to part.

Sad are the days we spend together ; sad
The artificial smile, the formal speech,
So different from the words that haunt our lips.

More sad the nights when we have said ' Farewell !'
More sad the lonely couch, the dream of bliss
That cannot, shall not be. Why have we met ?

Why have we met ? We cannot speak the thought
That fills our eyes with tears, our hearts with woe.
Why have we met ? Oh God ! Why have we met ?

M E D U S A.

Say not that I to this despair
With artful smiles have guided thee!
Is it my fault that I am fair?
Art thou to blame that I am free?

I knew not that thou could'st not look
On me and live: Lo, I can shut
Our friendship, as I would a book!
Lo, I can trample it under foot!

I wrong thee not. No more! Arise!
I am Medusa unto thee;
I smite thee with my placid eyes;
But curse thy destiny, not me!

C A L M.

On a dreary eve of a wintry day,
A poet sate by his fire alone ;
His brow was wrinkled ; his hair was gray ;
His heart of fire was a heart of stone.
The poet sate by the fire alone,
And silently gazed on the flickering flame,
And calmly he thought of the days agone
As the light on his forehead went and came.

Quenched in his heart was the fever thirst
For fame ; he had labored ; the world was proud—
Praised, alike his best and worst,
With noisy clamors, and vauntlings loud :
But his haughty spirit its praise denied ;
All he had done he held as naught,

Wan as the moon by the day descried,
In the light of his greater after thought.

For he knew that the works, which the world held
great,

Were the shards and shells, that his soul had rent
And cast behind, as from state to state,
Grander and brighter, it onward went.

Through the night of time, that he knew was near,
His name like a star might onward roll;
It mattered not: in pain and fear
He had built, not fame, but a godlike soul.

O C E A N .

I stand upon the summer sands,

And gaze upon the sea,

And still he murmurs as of old

His ancient mystery.

He tells his doubts and his desires

Unto a thousand lands ;

With him they laugh, with him they weep,

But no one understands.

The sadness of immortal thought

His lonely spirit shrouds,

And this he speaks in unknown tongues

To perishable crowds,

In strains as sorrowful and grand,

As some great poet's lay,

Which the world murmurs to itself ·

When he has passed away.

THE DEAD SOLOMON.

“And when we had decreed that Solomon should die, nothing discovered his death to them except the creeping thing of the earth, which gnawed his staff.

“And when his body fell down, the Genii plainly perceived that had they known what is secret they had not continued in a vile punishment.”

I.

King Solomon stood in the house of the Lord,
And the Genii silently wrought around,
Toiling and moiling without a word,
Building the temple without a sound.

II.

Fear and rage were theirs, but naught
In mien or face, of fear or rage :
For had he guessed their secret thought,
They had pined in hell for many an age.

III.

Closed were the eyes that the demons feared ;
Over his breast streamed his silver beard ;
Bowed was his head, as if in prayer,
As if, through the busy silence there,
The answering voice of God he heard.

IV.

Solemn peace was on his brow,
Leaning upon his staff in prayer ;
And a breath of wind would come and go,
And stir his robe, and beard of snow,
And long white hair ;
But he heeded not,
Wrapt afar in holy thought.

V.

King Solomon stood in the house of the Lord,
And the Genii silently wrought around,
Toiling and moiling without a word,
Building the temple without a sound.

VI.

And now the work was done,
Perfected in every part ;

And the demons rejoiced at heart,
And made ready to depart,
But dared not speak to Solomon,
To tell him their task was done,
And fulfilled the desire of his heart.

VII.

So around him they stood with eyes of fire,
Each cursing the king in his secret heart,—
Secretly cursing the silent king,
Waiting but till he should say “Depart ;”
Cursing the king,
Each evil thing :
But he heeded them not, nor raised his head ;
For King Solomon was dead !

VIII.

Then the body of the king fell down ;
For a worm had gnawed his staff in twain ;
He had prayed to the Lord that the house he
planned
Might not be left for another hand,
Might not unfinished remain ;
So praying, he had died ;
But had not prayed in vain.

IX.

So the body of the king fell down;
And howling fled the fiends amain;
Bitterly grieved, to be so deceived,
 Howling afar they fled;
Idly they had borne his chain.
 And done his hateful tasks, in dread
Of mystic penal pain,—
 And king Solomon was dead!

THE LOVERS.

Back from the Holy Land he came,
(The river runs downward to the sea,)
With his old fond love and his knightly fame ;
(Sing ever, my true love, I wait for thee !)

They met by chance at the olden spot,
(The river runs downward to the sea,)
And the lady—ha ! she knew him not ;
(Sing ever, my true love, I wait for thee !)

For time and care, and Moslem sword,
(The river runs downward to the sea,)
Had marred the face of that valiant lord ;
(Sing ever, my true love, I wait for thee !)

And another was with her, and even then
(The river runs downward to the sea,)
With laughter she told him the tale again ;
(Sing ever, my true love, I wait for thee !)

Of the vows she breathed, so long ago,
(The river runs downward to the sea,)
There, when the crescent moon was low ;
(Sing ever, my true love, I wait for thee !)

“ You are not jealous,” the lady said ;
(The river runs downward to the sea,)
“ The dream is fled,” the lady said,
“ And he in Palestine is dead ;”
(Sing ever, my true love, I wait for thee !)

The good knight turned, he spake no word,
(The river runs downward to the sea,)
But shuddering cast away his sword ;
(Sing ever, my true love, I wait for thee !)

ENDYMION.

By sorrow wedded unto poesy,
He loved in airy dreams apart,
Beneath the melancholy moon to lie,
And waste his passionate heart.

In all the world he felt himself alone,
And therefore Nature only loved ;
Heedless of man, as one upon a throne,
From sympathy removed.

By the same sorcery by which flowers draw
From dank earth and invisible air
Perfume and color, from such thoughts as awe
The spirit in despair,

His eye a starry splendor, and his face
A spiritual beauty drew ;
And still he kept not the accustomed ways,
Nor earthly love he knew.

When he died young, because his mystery
Baffled their cunning, men did make
The legend which you know, how heavenly
Diana did forsake

Her state among the gods, her purity
Forgot, and in the middle-night
Took earthly shape his paramour to be :
And undivine delight

Shared with him, whilst he slept, but fled ere
morn ;
He woke, and found her not, and sighed,
Wandered with unfulfilled desire forlorn,
Withered away and died.

G L A M O U R .

With what a glory glowed the day,
A rapture that could not decay,
And choral with unnumbered spheres
How rang the night of other years !

By greener paths than these I tread
I wandered when the dawn was red !
On grander hills the statelier trees
Were loud with sweetest prophecies ;

The air a richer perfume fell,
And aching lay along the dell ;
A louder anthem sang the sea
Of a diviner mystery.

A radiance flooded all the air !
A splendor brightened everywhere !
I loved ! I loved ! and day and night
Were overflowing with delight !

S O N N E T S .

I.

L O V E .

My love has taught me. He is more than life,
And all that know him not were better dead.
His is the only calm, the only strife ;
There are no tears but those that he has shed ;
No doubts but his ; no tremors but his tremors ;
No smiles but his ; no kisses but his kisses ;
No hopes but his ; no dreamers but his dreamers ;
No speech but his ; no blisses but his blisses.
No longer stand afar, apart, alone,
But love, and loving thou shalt be beloved ;
No longer close thine eyes unto the sun,
Nor be a statue, silent and unmoved,
Nor look on sorrow with a tearless eye,
Nor without gladness see joy passing by.

II.

THE AWAKENING.

“Ah, is it well, that thou with stormy shouts,
Shouldst wrong my deep and sure tranquillity,
Saying—‘Arise! the days of dreams and doubts
Are ended, and the world awaits for thee.’

Not yet,” my sad heart murmurs, “Oh! not yet;
Sweet is the drowsy life I lead, most sweet.”

“The inevitable gates are open set,
The multitudes impatient throng the street,
They clamor for thy coming.” “Oh! not yet;
Sweet is the drowsy life I lead, most sweet.”

“Arise! Oh, Heart—be firm, no more regret
The life, that hath been thine, so incomplete.
Arise, Arise.” “I yield. Oh; who shall be
Wiser than God, stronger than Destiny?”

III.

S T R I F E .

The years are minutes, melting in the glow
Of fervid aspiration that I feel:
The minutes, years, that into stone congeal
With tempests of despair that on me blow.
Infinite victory that I foreknow

Cannot the caverns of my anguish seal,
Infinite pain, cannot my rapture steal.
If I endure, what jagged heights of woe
My naked feet must climb ? If I refuse,
What calm of god-like power shall I resign ?
Hard is the task, betwixt the twain to choose,
And yet the task perpetually is mine.
Alas ! for such a doom as this,—the worst ;
Both life and death are curses and accursed.

IV.

M I D N I G H T .

I would not tamely tread the beaten way ;
I would not marvel at the olden sights ;
Beneath another night, another day,
My spirit did exult in strange delights.
The dreams of youth which did out-climb the stars,
The hopes of youth which did out-run the wind,
The will of youth which knew nor bounds nor
bars,
All these, alas ! are feeble now, and blind.
Quenched is the radiance in the past that shone,
My strength hath become weakness, my desire
Despair, my crown of fame a crown of fire ;
Gone is the yearning, and the vision gone ;

And to the glory which hath fled, in vain
Shall man or God make murmur "Come again!"

V.

LIFE AND DEATH.

The sworder by the sword shall fall, I said ;
Nor less the dreamer in his dream shall cease.
And Life replied—"They do but seem to fade :"
But Death was silent. To the stony peace
That on the pallid forehead lays his hand,
And lays his head upon the marble breast,
He pointed, as if I should understand,
And smiled ; but never syllable expressed.
And still I gaze into his dreamless eyes,
And gazing, feel the life within me shrink ;
And still I muse upon his mysteries,
But never nigher draw unto their brink.
When we are one, and then, alas ! alone,
The meaning of his silence shall be shown.

VI.

T O - N I G H T .

I thank thee, Father, that I die alone ;
They passed before, whose true and tender pain,
I might have craved ; who now that they are gone

Feel that the pang I felt was not in vain,
Since it has spared them this. I die unknown,
A withered bud, an incompleted strain.
For this I thank thee, Father ; none shall moan,
Trembling, lest such a doom should come again,
Saying, " Oh : Hope, he hoped : Oh ! Love, he loved,
And is not ; yet ye promised him, as thus
Ye promise, saying, ' All shall be removed,
But the assurance that ye place in us.'
Ye cannot us deceive who him deceived,"
But now they shall believe, and be believed.

VII.

O B L I V I O N .

Weep not, oh, Beauty ! that thy spells shall cease ;
Nor moan, oh, Love ! that thy desire shall die ;
Cease not, oh, Hope ! to breathe sweet melodies,
Though evermore they fade away on high
And perish utterly, leaving us sad
As if a star had vanished from the sky ;
The poet's brain to vex till he goes mad,
Forget not, Fame ! though thou art vanity ;
Oh, Joy ! no more that thou art mortal sigh ;
Because Oblivion is all in all ;

And Hate and Ugliness, as with a pall,
He covers ; Shame of immortality
Bereaves ; and by his hand with friendly care
Led, by the side of Lethe kneels Despair.

L E T H E .

Bring wine ; the night draws on to morn ;—

 Drear night of drearier morrow :

Bring wine, for we are all-forlorn,

 And would forget our sorrow ;

Bring wine ; our eyes with tears are dim :

Bring wine ; bring wine ; fill to the brim.

Bring wine, for other hope is none :

 Bring wine ; our lives go darkling ;

Bring wine ! for grief, like snow in the sun,

 Melts in the goblet's sparkling :

Bring wine ; our eyes with tears are dim :

Bring wine ; bring wine ; fill to the brim.

Bring wine ; I almost would, that one
Should poison bring thereafter ;
The old Egyptian queen outdone,
Should be a theme for laughter :

Bring wine ; our eyes with tears are dim :
Bring wine ; bring wine ; fill to the brim.

SIR RUPERT.

Sir Rupert to the wars is gone :
He shuddered, girding his good sword on ;
He wept as he bade his wife farewell ;
Shall he come back ? Ah ! who shall tell ?

An untold dread was on his face,
As sadly he gazed at the ancient place ;
And thrice he turned as he rode away,
As if he should see it no more for aye.

The raven croaked on the roadside bough,
And the burial hymn was chanted low,
And stumbled his sure-footed steed so tall,
As he rode by greenwood and churchyard-wall.

He sighed ; for a gloom was in the air,
And a voice in his heart that cried Beware ;
And he muttered the words of a boding song,
At the head of his troop as he rode along—

“ We seek thee, we fly thee, O Death ! in vain ;
The soldier may live, and the priest be slain :
Then come with honor, and not disgrace,
And take the last of a knightly race.”

T H E T I D E .

Cold in the misty autumn sky
The moon is overhead ;
And stretched along the yellow sands
The great sea lieth dead.

It was for love of her he died ;
But she shall smile again,
And he along the yellow sands
Shall moan anew his pain :

For love of her he shall arise,
And of her scorn complain,
And for her die a thousand times,
And for her live again.

But alas ! alas ! for the maiden proud,
And alas ! for the poet sweet :
Love cannot call his heart to life
That breaketh at her feet.

K.

You should have spoken ; not, that day by day,
And night by night, a life of death I bore,
Oh, not that I was sad, who might have been so
glad—
For now I weep no more.

You should have spoken ; not that I endured
Deep anguish in irrevocable years,
For, trust me, for the bliss of such an hour as this
I would renew their tears.

But that your mighty spirit knew no peace
So long, and walking darkling to and fro,
Saw neither sun nor moon, knew neither night
nor noon,
In pride-begotten woe ;

Unheeding how the seasons came and went,
How as of old the skies did change above,
And whilst they went and came, how I remained
the same,
And feared to own my love.

W I N T E R .

Now, let the wind arise, and sweep
Across the barren wold—
And let a cloud hide all the stars,
And let the night be cold—
Let river and plain be white with snow,
What matters it to me ?
And let the frozen branches groan—
What is it unto thee ?

For we can sit beside the fire,
And talk of what we will,
True friend. Then let the wind arise,
And let the night be chill !
And let us laugh, or let us weep,
What matters it to me ?
And let the world be glad or sad,
What is it unto thee ?

THE NEW POET.

Not in the purple shall the bard be born,
For whom the world is listening eagerly ;
Else should his songs be listless, sad, and strange,
As sounds of withered leaves, by autumn winds
Borne shivering along the woodland paths,
To rot in eddies of the swollen brooks.

But he, in sorrow and in want upreared,
Shall feel a sympathy with all who weep ;
And with that sympathy his words shall glow
Like clouds of sunset with a thousand hues
Of passion, scorn and pity, love and hate ;
Each with a purpose wandering through the
world,
Like stars that wander through eternal space,
With light and melody. His soul shall be
Rich in strange treasures as the miser sea,

In suffering heaped together, one by one,
Like spoils of shipwrecks.

Oh ! He shall not pause
To measure swords with evil ; but shall feel
His heart beat quickly, and his eyes grow dim
And his nerves tense, and rush into the fray,
Snatching whatever weapon is at hand,
Nor heeding of his fate, or life or death,
Defeat or victory, trusting in God,
Doing his duty, faithful to the end.

And he shall eat and drink and love like us ;
Be merry and sad like any other man ;
But more of tears than laughter shall he know.
He shall not sing, in fashion obsolete,
Of antique themes, to please the critic's ear ;
Nor prune his verse to suit the sickly sense
Of a corrupted age. He shall be hated
In life, and followed to the grave by hate :
For he shall speak harsh truths in bitter words ;
Denunciations fierce and prophecies
Of woe shall be familiar to his lips.

Yet, in the pauses of his restless life,
Shall gentler strains be his than others know,
And subtler music, such as fairies breathe,
Which haunts lone shores, dwelling within the air,
Stealing from him who hears, his thoughts of ill,
And fears that in the solitary night
Make the heart throb.

His name shall be a word
To waken reverence, pity, fame, and love,
Familiar wheresoe'er true hearts like flowers
Ope to the poet's golden witcheries.

And men shall marvel at his passionate song,
Which shall be framed, in melancholy hours,
By transformations, strange as Circe wrought,
But nobler, of the nothings that wear out
Our lives and perish idly ; such with him
Shall harden and strengthen into adamant,
Rise to the stars, and battle with the storms,
And mock the blasts and thunder-bolts of time.

He shall not live the life of common men,
In getting or in squandering gold ; in seeking

Eternal fame by cringing to to-day ;
His life shall be as noble as his song ;
And ere he dies, he, from the Pisgah heights
Of his great soul, shall see the golden years
Stretch, like a summer ocean, far away
Beneath the windless heavens, in endless calm.

LONG AGO.

“Di Provenza.”

Island of the desert sea,
Beautiful and far apart!
Beautiful and far apart,
Island of the desert sea!
Oh, thou land of Memory!
Oh, thou Orient of the heart!
Oh, thou Orient of the heart!
Oh, thou land of Memory!
Other lands as bright we tread;
But our hearts are with the dead.
Other lands as bright may be;
But the glory and the gleam
Of thy unforgotten dream
Calls us to return to thee—
Calls us to thee.

Here it seems and yesterday ;
Far away and long ago !
Far away and long ago ;
Here it seems and yesterday !
Long ago and far away !
Was it then, and is it now ?
Was it then, and is it now
Long ago and far away ?
Oh ! like flowers in the snow,
Were the joys of long ago ;
Other flowers as bright may be,
But the radiance and perfume
Of thy amaranthine bloom
Cannot perish, memory—
Sweet memory.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

Silver stars are shining bright,
Soft winds fan the summer night—
 Balmy boughs are shaken ;
Out of thickets, dense and dusk,
Of dark roses breathing musk,
 Mourns the nightingale forsaken—
 Mourns the love-lorn nightingale.
Oh the poets made the story,
 For to-day and for to-morrow,
The delightful allegory
 Of her love and of her sorrow—
 The delightful, deathless tale—
 But to hint to me and you
That old truth, forever new,
 Of the uncloying sweetness

Of our incompleteness ;
That the pain of true hearts is
The discord which makes true
Nature's sweetest harmonies,
As without her mournful strain
The glory of this summer-night were vain.

TO —

Thine was the utter loneliness, which is
The doom of greatness. Who shall measure
The anguish of thy woe by his? By his
The rapture of thy pleasure.

And thine a darker strife twixt right and wrong;
Sublimer wisdom; sadder folly;
And in the honey of thy dreamy song
A wilder melancholy.

THE DREAMER.

But when the sadder twilight fell,
Came shadows, speaking words of hell ;
And in the ghastlier midnight felt,
Obscurer doubts and horrors dwelt.

He could not sleep. He heard his name,
And wandered forth ; and as he came,
A will-o'-the-wisp before him glode,
Until they stood where she abode.

Afar, behind the haunted wood,
The moon was setting, red as blood ;
And like a shadow, still as death,
The dank tarn slumbered underneath.

The pines were wreathed with mist ; the tombs
Stood spectral in fantastic glooms ;
And the wild silence of the dead
Mocked, as he gazed, his passion dread.

The dim, dilated moon is set :
The dreamer and the dead have met ;
And if they weep, with her he weeps ;
Or if they sleep, with her he sleeps.

The dim, dilated moon is gone :
The dreamer dead : the dead withdrawn
Into the tarn's oblivious flood,
And blackness of the haunted wood.

THE VOICE.

His voice was vibrant with imprisoned pain,
That pined for rest in vain,
Too great to die, too weak to rend its bars,
And pining for the stars.

And evermore, as his impassioned strain
Died with its wild refrain,
The appealing silence eloquently took
The throne that it forsook.

L I N E S.

Though fallen on stricken field they lie,
Or blacken on the gallows-tree,
Freedom ! thy dead can never die,
Because they died for thee :
Their names are written on the sky,
And all the tongues of land and sea
Repeat the holy syllables
To all futurity.

THE CASTLE IN THE AIR.

Out of these prison years of pain,
I look with desolate disdain,
And with the fondness of despair
I build my castle in the air ;
And as its stately walls arise,
I mock the anger of the skies;

Forgot the sorrow which awaits
Without my castle's diamond gates,
I give myself unto my dream ;
The years to be around me seem ;
The bliss to be deludes no more
My soul as in the days of yore.

Like some fond mistress who to prove
The passionate vows of her true love,

Asks noble deeds and patience long,
Repaid with seeming scorn and wrong,
Till, conquered, full of fond alarms
She trembles in his eager arms;

So fortune gives herself to me ;
The years to be, the fame to be,
Are mine, are mine ; and like a dream
The yesterdays of sorrow seem,
Obscurest shadows of the bliss
Whose radiance from eternal is.

Tender-hearted were the years,
And their eyes were full of tears ;
I knew it ; I smiled, and held my breath ;
But my pain was bitterer than death ;
At last the years of pain are past,
The bliss to be is mine at last.

Alas ! Alas ! Alas !
For the pain which is ; for the bliss which was ;
The thirsty darkness drinks the light ;
I stand where it stood in wild affright ;
How bubble-frail each massy stone !
The castle in the air is gone.

THE MERMAID.

The Mermaid sits in the moonshine white,
And sings, as she combs her hair,
A marvellous song that thrills the night
With its burden strange, Beware ! Beware !
Beware !

And the billows begin to tremble and moan—
To moan and dash themselves at her feet,
As, ere her lips, their hearts repeat
The strain they long have known—
The serpent strain they have heard so oft,
So lithe, so deadly bright and soft :
And the winds, her bodiless slaves,
Arise from their secret caves,

And howl, as if to drown the strain
Of her tumultuous song ;—
In vain ! in vain ! its wild refrain
They deepen and prolong.

Gone is the magic moon ;
And over the sky, so late so fair,
A black cloud drifts, through whose ragged rifts
The stars like torches flare ;
And out of the howling foam beneath
Come sounds of peril and pain and death ;
Voices that tell of the shipwreck there ;
Shrieks and curses of drowning men ;
And now and then,
Sobs and sighs that lift the hair
And lie like a curse on the fainting air ;
And now and then above the war
Of darkness and despair,
The mocking pain of that wild refrain,
Beware ! Beware ! Beware !
Beware !

DISENCHANTED.

As one, who long hath dwelt in fairy-land,
 Returned to earth; with such disdain, I see
Wisdom and beauty, coming hand in hand,
 Do homage unto me.

For long ago, what time I dwelt obscure,
 Before an earnest life had made me great,
I knew myself, and mine, unknown and poor,
 Was all the wealth of Fate.

Even in my boyhood, I had drained the cup
 Of life; and whilst the crowd around me poured,
And passed me by unnoticed, I stood up
 And felt myself its lord.

The fame of fame, of power the power, the love
 Of love had lost their joy ere really mine;
Had left me calm, that passion is above,
 And scorn, that is divine.

SIR ROHAN.

“ To Sir Rohan it was neither pleasure nor pain.—
All things aroused in him only the sentiment of endurance.”

Thenceforth his life was idle ;
Pleasure and pain were ghosts ;
Unheeded fell the shine or shade
Of their aerial hosts.

They came and went, nor shattered
The calm of his despair :
What could they show, they had not shown,
Or do, he could not bear ?

Yet sometimes in their faces
He looked up suddenly ;
And starting, nerved himself, and smiled
Their shadowy forms to see.

And still their phantom glances
He loathed where'er he met;
Familiar with their mysteries,
And longing to forget.

THE BURIAL OF THE CONQUEROR.

Like a torch-flame, flaring, fading;
Like a voice of wail, arising
Wildly, wildly, sadly sinking,
Sinking down into a deeper silence,
Sinking down into a sadder, darker, drearier night;
From the Abbey of St. Stephen
Sounding through the cloudless heaven,
From the Abbey's topmost turret
Like the sorrowing of a spirit,
Pealed a single, silver bell
Ringing out the Conqueror's knell.

And from out the oaken portals
Come the brothers of St. Stephen's,

Come the cowled brothers ghostly,
All in black, with pallid, shrunken faces,
All in black, with eager eyes, and meagre, withered hands:

And their golden censers swinging,
And their broken voices singing,
And their waxen tapers winking
In the sunlight, rising, sinking,
In the golden sunlight shrinking,
To a melancholy laughter
Move our hearts, which follow after.

So adown the streets of Caen
Wind the brothers of St. Stephen's,
Wind the cowled brothers ghostly,
Going forth to meet the Conqueror fallen,
Treading onward in slow, solemn, awful cadence
With the pealing from the turret
Of the Abbey, with the spirit
Of dim thought in every bosom
Slowly bursting into blossom;
Thus with solemn step they tread,
With dim eyes and bended head,
Doing homage to the dead.

But there comes no long procession
Winding up the streets of Caen ;
Glorying in their fearful burden,
Come no brothers for their brother mourn-
ing,

Children for their father, vassals for their chief-
tan mourning ;

These are striving for the treasure
He has heaped for others' pleasure,
For the realms he won but swayed not ;
And the twain, who disobeyed not
In his life, no longer tremble
At his frown, no more dissemble.

But the bier is borne by peasants,
Which doth hold the mightiest ashes
Ever, ever borne by mortals ;
They, whom he in life has honored,
spurn him ;

They, whom he in life has spurned, to day may
pity ;

Up beneath the sunny heaven,
Towards the Abbey of St. Stephen,
Tread the peasants, slowly, slowly,

Nearing the procession holy
Of the monks, who slowly, chanting,
With their waxen tapers flaunting,
And their volumed incense glooming
O'er their path, are slowly coming.

And they meet, and slow returning,
Enter in the carved portal
Of the Abbey he had founded
To repay the evils of a life-time ;
And they crowd the aisles, and stand around the
Altar ;
Whence the crucified Redeemer
Smiles upon them, as some dreamer,
Some great limner, life-forlorn,
Dying, imaged half his scorn
Of the rags which he had worn
In those glittering eyes, which smiling
look down
From beneath that thorny crown.

And the burial mass is ended,
And they lift the corpse to lower it
Down into the tomb so darksome,

Henceforth which shall be his only
palace,

Darksome, lonesome, loathsome palace for so dread
a king!

Whilst above the patient pealing
Of the single, silver bell
Ringing out the Conqueror's knell,
Chiming mournfully, is stealing,
Unawares, all thoughts away
From the Monarch's pallid clay,

Lifting up all hearts there present,
Up into the heaven of heavens,
To the throne of God ; and sadly
Falling back, with memory overladen ;
Falling back with groans and curses overladen ;
Groans and curses heaped on him
Who lay there with eyeballs dim,
Who lay there with silent lips
Fixed in the death-eclipse,
And a brow all wan and wrinkled
With the furrows time had sprinkled.

Aye! Each heart was sad and heavy ;
The red past was sad and woful,
And the future sad and ominous ;
Each did shut his eyes and listen darkly,
Listen to his wildly throbbing, trembling and fore-
boding heart ;
And with selfish sorrow, they
Gazed upon the pallid clay ;
And each eye with teardrops glistened
As they looked above, and listened
To that single, silver bell,
Ringing out the Conqueror's knell.

Like a torch-flame, flaring, fading ;
Like a voice of wail, arising
Wildly, wildly, sadly sinking,
Sinking down into a deeper silence,
Sinking down into a deeper, darker, drearier night ;
From the Abbey of St. Stephen
Sounding through the cloudless heaven,
From the Abbey's topmost turret
Like the sorrowing of a spirit,
Peals that single, silver bell
Ringing out the Conqueror's knell.

Lo ! A stir, a mighty murmur
In that mournful, trembling crowd ;
“ Who is he, beside the altar,
“ With peasant hands upon the kingly
shroud ?”

See ! they start up from their knees, that vast,
mournful, trembling crowd.

“ Peasant Churl ! what dost thou here,
Touching thus the Conqueror’s bier ;
Staying thus his funeral,
Who, in life though stern to all,
Yet in death at least may crave
A kingly sepulchre, a monarch’s grave,
In the Abbey which he founded and the
lands he to it gave ?”

“ Stood the dwelling of my fathers,
Where this lordly Abbey standeth :
He, for whom ye pray all vainly,
Truly gave it ye ; but could he give ye
What was mine, and is, for I have neither given
nor sold it ;
Nor by treason forfeited
Unto him ? And I forbid,

In the name of God, that here
Ye give this haughty robber sepulchre?"

They have paid the low-born peasant
For his father's lands, and buried
The renowned Conqueror. Lonely
Is the Abbey. Through the stately por-
tal,

Through the antique and grotesquely carven, oaken
portal,

Let us pass; and leave the dead
All alone: whilst overhead,
From the Abbey's topmost turret,
Like the wailing of a spirit,
Sounds that single, silver bell,
Ringing out the fallen Conqueror's knell.

S O N G .

Gone ! and I untroubled sleep
By dreams of her bright eyes ;
So long and weary, so dark and dreary,
The years in dust she lies :
The sunlight sits in shadow ;
The night is an ebon pall ;
The world he wrongeth to death belongeth,
So let him take it all !

Gone ! and memory half forgets
The music of her voice ;
But all things sadden, which erst did gladden,
And weep, which did rejoice ;
Its glory all forgotten,
The dream rocks to its fall ;
The world he wrongeth to death belongeth,
So let him take it all !

T A N N H A U S E R .

PART ONE.

The minstrel-knight, Tannhauser,
Sits dumb with brooding eyes:
“What troubles thee my true love?”
The goddess Venus cries;
“What sorrow weighs upon thy heart,
Here in my paradise?”

“A dream,” he answered
With tremulous voice and slow:
“Thy lover, thy beloved,
Must from thy kingdom go.

“Oh, never, never, never,
Though all around surprise,

Though true my love as ever,
Though bright as e'er thine eyes,
Shall the peace of old my heart enfold
Here in thy paradise !

“ The world of life and the world of death
Are held in my limitless love for thee,
As the welkin circles the earth beneath,
As the kraken girdles the monstrous sea.

“ And bright is the world which thy spells uprear,
Too bright ! and sweet this life, too sweet !
A mortal, I yearn for the changeful year,
And the day and the night of the incomplete.

“ Let thy godhead, free from earthly wants,
Exult in the calm of thy changeless mirth ;
My mortal nature trembles and pants
For the sorrow and joy of the life of earth.

“ Old sights, old sounds
Upon me throng,
The running waters,
The minstrel’s song,

“Upon the ocean
The glancing sail,
In tilt and tourney
The gleam of mail,
And in the greenwood
The nightingale.

“For in a dream, beloved one,
I saw the midnight skies,
And watched—I know not why I watched
One star with eager eyes—

“One glorious, silver star, which rose
With solemn flight and slow,
Till from the very top of heaven
Its rays did on me flow.

“Then fell a wind, a bitter wind,
As out of space afar,
And from the very top of heaven,
Where shone that single star.

“And borne upon the wind, I heard
The solemn sounds of old ;

Heard choral song, and solemn chaunt,
And bells of minsters tolled.

“I looked, the star was vanished ;
I listened, all was still ;
I trembled, and within thine arms
Awakened with a thrill.

“And be the dream from heaven above,
Or out of hell below,
Thy lover, thy beloved,
Must from thy kingdom go.”

Deep breathed the thrilling music
Of harps invisible,
Which still upon the rosy air
Did in the pauses swell.

“Go freely, my beloved ;
My singer go,” she said ;
“Smite with thy sword the living ;
Wake with thy harp the dead.

“Drink deep of earth the pleasure ;
Drink deep of earth the pain ;

And when thy heart grows weary,
Be welcome back again.

“ Thy fitful mood I chide not,
The foaming of the sea ;
Ill suits with earthly pulses
The calm of deity.

Go ; ride, beloved, on the land ;
Go ; sail upon the sea ;
Go ; take thy fill of hope and fear,
And come again to me.”

So, when the sound had died away
Of hushed words of farewell,
Farewell ! and yet farewell !
Loud rang the thrilling music
Of harps invisible,
Which now upon the rosy air
Did in the silence swell.

PART TWO.

“ Beware ! Beware !” the people said ;
“ Thy love, a fiend is she ;
And thou, forlorn Tannhauser,
Art lost eternally.

“ Woe ! Woe to thee, Tannhauser !
And ever woe to thee !
Can no man pardon sin like thine,
Unless the Pope it be !”

Tannhauser kneels before the pope ;
“ With Venus did I dwell ;
I come to thee, to pardon me,
And save my soul from hell !”

Then spake the pope, “ Despair ! Behold
“ This staff on which I lean ;
When this dry wood shall fill with sap,
This carven wand grow green,

“ Then, nor till then, thy deadly sin
Shall pardoned be of heaven.”
He smote his staff into the ground,
And left him unforgiven.

And shuddered all who stood around,
To hear the words of doom,
As if some evil ghost had come
From its unhallowed tomb.

Then turned the lost Tannhauser,
In sorrow and in wrath,
And all around who listened
Shrank, leaving him a path.

And freer breathed the trembling crowd
When he was darkly gone,
And purer seemed the balmy wind,
And brighter shone the sun.

So backward to the Venusberg
Tannhauser took his way,
Until he heard the solemn strains
Around that ever play ;

The siren-sweet wild harmonies,
Which all-alluring rise,
Up from the rosy region borne
Of Venus' paradise.

“Again, again,” Tannhauser sings,
“I come again to thee!
To love as we have loved, they say,
May never pardoned be;
Accursed for thee, Oh, Venus mine!
Arise, and welcome me!

“Arise, Arise,” Tannhauser sings,
“Arise, and let me in;
I cannot choose but love thee, bright!
Though thee to love be sin;
Arise, arise, Dame Venus mine!
Arise, and let me in!”

And “Welcome, welcome, true love mine!
“And welcome back to me;
I kiss thee on the forehead, love!
And on the lips,” said she.

And “Welcome, welcome back,” she said;
“And welcome o'er and o'er;
And here, within my paradise,
Abide forevermore.”

Low sighed the thrilling music
Of harps invisible,
Which softly through the rosy air
Did on the silence swell.

“ And go no more,” she whispered,
“ Oh, never more remove ;
Naught lacks my glorious dwelling but
Thy lyre and thy love !”

Now scarce Tannhauser forth was gone,
Oh miracle of God !
Than leaf and flower began to shine
Upon the pontiff’s rod.

“ Come forth, come forth, Pope Urban !”
And in his trembling sight,
Behold the dry and carven staff
With leaf and flower was bright !

Then said the pope, “ Now bid, with speed,
“ My messengers go forth,
And seek him East, and seek him West,
And seek him South and North.

“ Yes, bid my messengers go forth,
And bid them ride with speed ;
For I, in bidding man despair,
Have done an evil deed.

“ Oh, deadly sin ! to strive to mete
The boundless grace of heaven ;
For, lo ! by penitence and prayer
All sins may be forgiven.”

They went, and as they went returned ;
They sought for him in vain ;
Tannhauser from the Venusberg
Came never forth again.

So, let no man the gates of heaven
Forbid his fellow man ;
But leave unto Almighty God
The judgment and the ban.

So, let no sinner, though forbid,
By cardinal or pope,
Cease in the mercy of the Lord
In penitence to hope.

•

T A N N H A U S E R.

The eye of woman hardens into ice,
Beholding me, accursed. The leprous beggar
Shuns me with imprecations. And the priest,
Though I repent me bitterly of my sin,
Shuddering, refuses absolution to me.
And so, my corpse shall rot unburied here;
Nor be, with prayers, and psalms, and solemn rites,
Laid in the aisles where sleep my princely sires.

So be it. I am callous grown with pain,
And scarce would climb, if that were possible,
The wall that sunders me from human kind.
But ye, true hearts and tender, that shall grieve
In time to come hearing my piteous tale,
Think not my nature is so savage grown
In these wild woods and pathless solitudes,
That thoughts of your warm tears can move me not.

Ah, wo is me! I muse upon the past,—
The sweet, sweet past! the bitter, bitter past!
The pines are moaning in the rising wind,
Breathing Memnonian music, and the moon
Brightens above a bank of inky clouds,
And darkens over all the shaggy scene
The sombre twilight—Would to God, the last
That these world-weary eyes should ever see!

Oh, Venus! Beautiful fiend! Was I not fair,
And young, and brave, and growing day by day
To fame and majesty, as yonder moon
Fills day by day her argent-splendored sphere,
When by the light of thy voluptuous eyes
Misled, my soul its strenuous purpose lost—
My life its stirring joys, its falcon hopes,
Its starry aspirations? Woe is me!

Oh; Venus! Beautiful fiend! Canst thou forget,
Far-hidden from the world in thy high palace,
How fled the years, with Joy their torch bearer?
Oh, languid kisses pressed on wine-bright lips!
Oh, eyes that withered all my soul with fire!
And yet, I knew thee, glorious devil! felt
The sin that deepened round me as I sank
Within its sea, a weight on heart and brain.

Then came Remorse, and darkened day by day.
I loathed thy kisses, and thy melting looks
Chilled me, and at thy amorous touch I thrilled
Like one, who waking, feels a slimy snake
Twisted around his neck. I rose and fled :
Hoping to live again among my kind,
And by high deeds redeem my wasted life,
And wash from tingling cheeks the sense of shame.

But woe to him who tampers with the fiend.
What had I done, that men should hold my touch
Pollution, and my kindly greetings curses ?
Oh, Venus ! Beautiful fiend ! Who could resist
The music of thy motion, smile and speech ?
But what had passed between us, that should take
My soul, the power of good or ill, contrition
Or exultation, from me ? Woe is me !

And ever since I wander through the world.
At first there was a feeble gleam of light
That led my feet to Rome. The sovereign pontiff
Forbade me hope. And yet in spite of him,
Though black my sin as is this night of storm,
I do believe that God is merciful,
And will remember what was my temptation,
The pain I have endured, and this remorse.

THE CHARMER.

Unharmed I play with tiger thoughts ;
My soul to passion's serpent clasp
I yield, nor fear the venomous fangs
Of adder or of asp.

They tremble at my freezing touch ;
They cower before my stony stare ;
Convulsed, they shrinking, trembling own
The charm of my despair.

For I a wilder bliss than life,
A wilder pain than death can be,
Have felt ; and life hath lost its pomp,
And death its mystery.

So let them tyrannize o'er men,
For they must share with me their hour—
Or God above, or fiend beneath,
The malice of their power.

THE RIVER OF TEARS.

A poet in his gilded boat
Floats adown the river of tears ;
One who forevermore must float
Through regions of fantastic fears ;
An exile from what happier spheres !
An orphan of what golden years !

All silently the enchanted wave
Sweeps him along, he knows not whither,
By shores as silent as the grave,
And under trees that cannot wither,
Whose branches lift themselves on high
Around him to the leaden sky.

He bows his head ; he hides his face ;
For haunted is the solitude ;

The dwellers of that secret place,
The spectres of that ghostly wood,
Grow visible in their wan despair,
And sighs like snow-flakes fill the air.

They hover in the misty air,
They float upon the luminous waves,
Like shapes of sorrow and despair
By moonlight in a place of graves,
Waxing and waning as some star
Twinkling in earthly azure far.

But see, he lifts his luminous eyes,
And hark, he pours his marvellous songs ;
Withdraw the melancholy skies,
And fade the melancholy throngs ;
The rippling waves around him flow
In sunlight ; angels come and go.

Around the shores, no longer haunted
By shapes of ill, sweet echoes play ;
They wander on in dreams enchanted
And indolence of luxurious May,
Circling like eddies ; and the day
As in a dream hath lost his way.

Sweet day and echoes sweet, that keep
These realms with joy that cannot tire,
Too glad to know or death or sleep,
And too, too perfect to desire !
He knows ye not : your blissful rest
He may not share, the bard unblest.

Through other regions of despair
The river flows and bears his bark :
Behind him glory fills the air,
Around him ever glooms the dark,
Floating adown the river of Tears,
Waking the echoes of the years.

BITTER SWEET.

Tears are on my cheeks forever,
And a mist is in my eyes,
For a smile that greets me never,
And a scorn that love denies,—
A mad pride that love denies!
And I wander, weeping, wailing,
For the day that rose so bright,
That the thunder clouds are veiling
Ere its noon in blackest night,—
Lurid gloom and blackest night!

Oh! so bright the future glistened,
That the present shines in vain;

And so sweet the strain I listened,
Silence now is full of pain,—
Void of bliss is full of pain,—
And so glorious was my vision,
That awakening I weep
For the shapes of shores Elysian
In the fairy-lands of sleep,—
The far fairy-lands of sleep !

Pain is mine ; forever sorrow,
For the dream that is no more,
For the ever-flying morrow,
And the still-receding shore,—
The desired, forbidden shore !
Yet one joy my soul discovers
In the very shrine of woe ;
Sweeter are the pains of lovers
Than the joys that others know,—
Than all joys all others know !

THE TEMPTATION OF THE ACTOR.

“Yes,” said the lady, “if”—and here she paused;
And pausing, slowly searched the eager face,
From which the flush of rapture faded not!
And as she gazed, his soul vibrating hung,
Suspended on her glance.

Ah, smile more sweet

Wore not the tempter, when in legends old,
He came in woman’s form to vex the peace,
With thrilling eyes and honeyed syllables,
Of saintly anchorite in lonely cell.
And he! in every passionate lineament
The actor stirred. What could she ask, that he
Would not accord? Eager he gazed upon her,
As still she paused; and still upon his face
Abode the flush of rapture, till she spake.

“ You are an actor—artist if you will—
This is your gift, in which you are above
Your fellows—therefore, it may be, I love you—
But lo ! the finger of scorn points at your art—
And lo ! the artists sots and debauchees—
And lo ! the theatre, corrupted from
Its purpose, pandering to tastes depraved—
A temple of the devil not of God—
Or me or it resign. I will not have
Tedious apology or argument,
But answer yes or no.”

Then fled the light
That lit his brow, as when, athwart the moon,
Some jealous cloud drops down its inky veil ;
And o'er his visage, in an instant, passed
A thousand thoughts ; as when the northern lights
Begin to fire the night, fantastic forms,
In radiant multitudes innumerable,
Chase one another up and down the blue ;
And as these meteors slowly gather shape,
Fixing in silvery arch, or golden ring,
On brazen obelisk towering to the zenith,
The mad confusion of his riven soul

Became a holy calm, and on his face
He wore a smile, like that which glorifies
The face of him who falls asleep in God,
As thus he spake :

“Oh love! how shall we wed?
Shall I resign the hope, that was before
I met you—the hope that lit the years of pain
Before I loved? What! give up fame and use
As Merlin did to wileful Vivian
In that new poem I read you yesterday;
Corrupting all the future has of bliss
To anguish; like a ghost to come and go
Where all was mine? Or shall I hide my heart,
And whisper to myself, ‘I will consent,
And having won her, trust to time and reason
To turn her from her folly?’ This cannot I.
I will not sell my soul, though of my sin
Thy love be held the inestimable price.
But how could I be worthy of thy love,
Or hope it would not perish utterly,
If I should yield what makes thee love me? No!
Though both of us should die, I answer No!”

THE FALLEN STAR.

Idly I clove the baffling dark,
With weary heart and flagging wing,
As with the unavailing pain
Of some wild, hunted thing.

Invisible hands of strenuous force
Withheld me in my fiery flight,
And shadowy forms my pathway barred,
And all the powers of night.

And siren songs were chanted low,
And wrought upon my fickle mood,
Whispering of good that evil seemed,
And evil that seemed good;

Of seeming good which evil was,
And seeming evil which was good,
And over all the iron Fate
Which could not be withstood !

THE IRON HARP.

Sweet singers of the dreams of old,
Idle are your harps of gold ;
And ye weep your lot, that lies
In the gloom of thunder skies.

Alas ! ye are born too late :
For the years of peace are o'er ;
And your gentle hearts deny
Our grander age of war.
Ye are born too late, too late !
And weep in vain your fate,
And the years gone by !

Your wails are drowned
In the ocean sound
Of trampling armies, without end,
That onward, onward, onward, throng,
Waiting the singer and the song
That they can comprehend.

With fateful rhythm and rhyme
Of hosts that march in time
Other melodies accord ;
Saga words sublime
Of musket and of sword.

Who would our iron age compel
Must strike loudly to be heard ;
Loudly must he sing, and well,
To iron harp with iron word.

FIRST LOSS.

For the bloom of faded flowers
I have wept and I am weeping,—
For the joys of vanished hours,
Who, oh ! who shall call them back ?
Glooms the night a moment riven,—
Of the star that fell from heaven
Fades away the fiery track,—
Faded flowers and vanished hours,
Who, oh ! who shall call them back ?

Starry eyes with love were glowing,—
With the first love which is truest,—
Lips with laughter overflowing,—
Oh, the days that are no more !

Honeyed speeches, siren singing,
Underneath the beeches ringing,
Or along the gleaming shore,
Love and laughter, and thereafter,—
Oh, the days that are no more !

For beloved, never, never,
Shall those days again be ours !
They are gone, and gone forever !
And despair that longs to die,
In the ruins of the bowers
Of that paradise of ours
Pours its curses to the sky,—
Faded flowers and blasted bowers,
And a heart that longs to die !

THE DEFORMED.

Wild thoughts were hers in hours of gloom,
When stared the dead night close above ;
 Thus in her melancholy mood,
 Shut from the paradise of love,
She mourned the darkness of her doom.

Love has many a gate ;
There many suitors be ;
Gold must wait, and wit must wait ;
 Beauty hath the master-key ;

Beauty ! am I not fair of face ?
Gentle, yet earnest ? No !
These methinks I cannot be ;
 Or would he leave me so.

Is he wise ? Is he true ?
Yes, my love replies :
No ; or would he hold so dear
What my fate denies ?

Nature ! How have I wronged thee,
That I am not as straight
As she, to whom he whispers
To-night at the garden-gate.

As he leans in the misty silence,
And pressing her tiny hand,
Outpours the wealth of a spirit
She never shall understand.

And his golden voice sounds sweeter
Than ever it breathed to me,
With tremulous doubt and longing
And passionate poesy ?

Friend he holds me—no more ;
Had fortune kindlier been,
And made me tall and straight like her,
I had been his queen.

But now, never, oh ! never,
Shall our lips meet or our souls ;
But our lives, like far, strange stars,
Go onward to their goals.

To do is no more than to suffer :
His name the world shall know,
For great and glorious shall he be ;
Nothing of my woe ;

Naught of the nights of shuddering dreams
And days of waking pain,
The weight upon the weary heart,
The torpor of the weary brain.

He shall utter his regret
In what immortal songs,
Feeding the world with his heart's blood,
Making ballads of his wrongs.

I, empress of a sadder realm,
Shall hold my marble state,
Smiling sadly when happy men
Shall envy him desolate.

B O A T S O N G.

A song of joy! A song of bliss!
A song for such an hour as this!
The twilight hour! when winds are low,
And western skies are all aglow,
And like a dream beneath our keel
The silent waters lapse and steal—
The silent waters flow.

A song of joy! A song of bliss!
A song for such an hour as this!
The twilight hour! when shines above
The tender, tremulous star of love,
And like a dream around our prow
The silent shadows melt and flow—
The silent shadows move.

A song of joy ! A song of bliss !
A song for such an hour as this !
The twilight hour ! Oh ! night of June,
Haste onward to thy perfect noon ;
Till, like a dream the darkness fled,
The silent moon be overhead—
The silent, silver moon.

KAVADISKA.

They lay in heaps upon the barren plain,
With shivered weapons clutched in strenuous
hands,
And death in pallid visages of pain,
The chosen of many lands.

The water of Life I sprinkled them upon ;
They rose up shuddering, and answered me,
" By Kavadiska was our strength undone ;
Oh, follow her not, but flee !"

" Oh, feeble fools !" I answered angrily,
" Oh, cowards, whom a woman vanquisheth !
Be life for us ; but this for such as ye :"
I poured the water of Death.

So came I to her castle stately and old,
And entered in the tapestried banquet hall ;
And lo ! her sword leapt in its scabbard of gold
Upon the storied wall.

I understood the omen, and straight, with speed
Running, took down the charmed falchion dread
Out of its gemmy scabbard, as decreed ;
Leaving my own instead.

Then entered Kavadiska full of wrath,
And snatching that changed weapon suddenly,
Cried, as she leapt to bar my onward path,
“Draw : thou must fight with me !”

We fought. The sword was broken in her hand ;
She dashed the golden hilt upon the floor ;
“My love,” she cried, “whom I can not withstand ;
My love forevermore !”

B E A U T Y .

I hide my treasures in the earth ;
I pour them on the air ;
Around they gleam on land and sea ;
But I abide not there.

And men have sought on land and sea,
In earth and starry air,
The secret of my dwelling-place ;
But I abide not there.

And bards have sought me in their souls,
And caught, to their despair,
But glimpses of my majesty ;
For I abide not there.

Be thine the vision they desired.
Who hast not sought my lair !
Come, take what all in vain they sought,
And find me everywhere.

THE STATUE.

It was a statue of a lovely maiden
Whose sleep was troubled by an evil dream,
And so her face, like loveliness arrayed in
Unsightly garments, did distorted seem :
All who passed by to gaze on it were fain ;
And having gazed desired to gaze again.

A statue of a maiden, who had risen
In troubled sleep, and came with vacant eyes
Bearing an idle lamp ; what fearful vision
Had summoned her, upon what perilous mission,
For aye must be a theme for wild surmise ;
For if a mortal hand that statue wrought,
Its art had long been lost ; the lips were sealed
Of that mad sculptor, and his passionate thought
Must perish unrevealed.

All silently, because one marble finger
She pressed upon her rigid lips, did linger
Each passer by ; upon the meaning musing
Of that strange image ; losing
In labyrinths of thought without a clue,
His eager soul ; then passing sadly on,
And turning oft, as if to see if she had gone.

Of it there was a legend quaint and olden ;
Nay, many a one. That she had lived, but how
Transformed to stone, alas! that was enfolden
In mystery. Another, that even now
Life lay entranced, as dreams in poppies do,
In that fair form, and hinted of a spell,
Which one at an appointed time should tell,
Would call that waiting life, and all those charms
renew.

By many, food for jest these dreams were holden ;
By some more wise,
As true as were the sunny skies
Above that landscape green and golden.

A FAREWELL.

Faint splendors of the night of June,
Sweet radiance of the summer moon,
Upon thy pathway dwell.
Farewell, Estelle ! Farewell !

Dim fragrance of the violet,
And of the briar rose dew-wet,
Breathe from the shadowy dell.
Farewell, Estelle ! Farewell !

Far murmurs of the summer trees,
And voices low of dreamy seas,
Around thee sink and swell.
Farewell, Estelle ! Farewell !

And ever sweet, by thee be heard
The hum of bee, and song of bird,
And sound of holy bell.
Farewell, Estelle ! Farewell !

T H E S T A R S .

“Oh swift and proud!” cried I aloud,
With breaking heart, in tones forlorn,
“By the solemn songs ye sing,
By life and death, and love their king,
I conjure ye to answer me,—
The night is long; when comes the morn?”

And sang the stars, in deeps of heaven,
With voices full of stately scorn,
“How shall we answer thee, who move
In regions thy pale sphere above?
What is life, and what is death,
And who is love?
We dwell in light, and day or night
We know not—know not eve or morn.”

THE CAP AND BELLS.

How in my dreams with God I spake,
I half remember, half forget ;
And memory darkly murmurs yet,
That all for truth I did forsake.

Forgot the pride of wealth and birth,
And in my righteous purpose strong,
My only sword my earnest song,
Went forth to overcome the earth.

But now, the cap and bells I wear,
And laugh at all I worshipped then,
The faith of women and of men—
The hopes of old—and this despair.

TOO LATE.

I gazed upon the glimmering wave,
And smiled to see the phantom moon,
That reigned within the still lagune,
Girdled by many a willing slave.

I smiled to think the mimic heaven
Showed fair and large as that above,
And then I thought of my false love,
Whose falsehood made me bitter ; and even

As that sharp sword went through my soul—
Ere yet the swift tears filled my eyes—
With what a horror of surprise,
That marvelled at its self-control,

I saw the idle wave beneath
Take shape: a rigid form was there—
A white face with a soulless stare—
And chill hands clasped, upraised in death.

And on beneath the still lagune,
Drawn by some secret tide, it glode;
Amidst the shrinking stars it rode,
And right athwart the shrieking moon.

Slowly it faded—then I knew
My murdered hope, that will not rest;
Earth cannot keep it in her breast,
And ocean gives it to my view,

TWILIGHT.

Ye sounds that come across the leas,
And up the hills that climb to me,
Cleaving the purple silences
That deepen over land and sea—

Ye sounds of bells of silver swung
In sacred turrets ivied and gray,
Ye sounds of solemn anthems sung
Amidst the valleys far away—

Ye are most sweet to other ears,
But very, very sad to mine!
Ye come like ghosts from sepulchres,
Drunken with sorrow as with wine :

Ye come forlornly wandering,
Lost echoes of an age of gold,
When she was queen and I was king,
That was but in the dreams of old.



T O A F R I E N D.

I know that when we meet again,
You will be merry as of old;
And we shall wander o'er the wold,
And up the hill, and down the glen.

But you, I wis, shall laugh alone;
For, ah, since last these paths we ranged,
What hath been! You shall note me changed
From him you loved in days agone.

For I will stand beneath the sky
And gaze upon the ripening earth,
Nor smile, or with a bitter mirth,
Born of a hateful sympathy,

Exulting that their glory glows
But to decay; even as my own
Which reigned supreme from zone to zone,
Whose dust a baby's hands may close.

L O S T.

Oh Time! hast thou grown old? Thy flight
Is strangely slow. How fled the hours
Of other days, all crowned with flowers,
And drunken all with dumb delight!

We loved; and in our love content,
Life's fiery pageantry went by;
We saw it pass without a sigh,
Nor knew, nor questioned, what it meant.

Forgotten were the dreams of power
That pleased us ere we met: our mirth
Laughed at the purpose of the earth,
That delved with tears beneath our bower.

Then fell the curse. The grave is near.
Oh, Death, come quickly—take away
This weary being! Day by day,
I call thee, but thou wilt not hear.

KING DEATH.

Come, scholar, pallid and weary,
And toiler with hands embrowned—
Come and sit with me, King Death!
In darkness without a sound;
And dwell with me, King Death!
In my palace underground.

Your brows with care are furrowed;
Your eyes are heavy with tears;
Choked your hearts with the dust of the past's
Dead hopes and bitter fears—
With the dry dust of the past's
Dead hopes and bitter fears!

Come ; mine is the peace unbroken
That none in life have found ;
Come, and sit with me, King Death !
In darkness without a sound ;
And dwell with me, King Death !
In my palace underground.

THE THOUGHT.

Like birds that flutter to the snake,
Wild thoughts, that none but he could tame,
A thousand, to the dreamer came.

Of these, the fairest one he chose,
And breathing spells of secret might,
He clad its limbs in living light.

And sent it forth, to bear his name,
O'er unknown lands and perilous seas,
With odors and with melodies.

ERNEST HAY.

I stood beside a poet's grave ;
And hue by hue, and wave by wave,
 The sunset faded as I stood,
 And seaward lapsed the noisy flood.

And of his marvellous songs I mused,
To listen which the world refused,
 Till words of scorn and words of cheer
 Alike were silence in his ear.

Nor him I pitied ; for to him
Fame was a shadow vain and dim
 Upon the earth, and still his eyes
 Were lifted to the steadfast skies.

But when I thought of all the wrongs,
That he transmuted in his songs,
As alchemists old, to ruddy gold
Ignoble earths and metal cold—

Yea! When I thought, who partly knew,
For we were friends, how sadly grew
The haunting tremors of his strains,
That are to others, as the panes

Of ancient churches, passionate
With martyred saints whom angels wait,
With Virgin and with Crucified,
(His work the painter could not chide,)

As these to colorless glass; and how
The griefs that others never know,
Were mortal anguish, as unshod
With tenderest feet our world he trod—

When I, who from each artful story
Could rend the veil of allegory,
And at dim distance faintly guess
How utter was his wretchedness—

Thought what wild sorrows unconfined
Struck fiercely his *Æolian* mind,
And how the fire that burns and flashes
Along his words consumed to ashes

The heart that gave them birth—to woe
Whose loveliness was wedded so—
“Though all the world be sad,” I said,
“I cannot weep that he is dead!”

I N A R C T I S.

Let us think of the brave ; the brave
Who went forth
From the sunny southern lands
To the white and icy strands
Of the dim deserted realms
In the north.

Fearless, wife and child they left,
And went forth ;
For they thought not of the Death,
That smiled and held his breath,
As they near and nearer came
In the north.

In the fulness of their hope
They went forth;
But the years shall pass away,
Nor return unto the day
Those who perished in the gloom
Of the north.

In the dreary polar night
They looked forth;
And phantoms in the sky
Mocked their solemn agony,
Weaving a supernal doom
In the north.

In the midnight, lonesome, fierce,
They looked forth;
And cried, "The sun is dead!"
And unutterable dread
Fell upon them as they gazed,
In the north.

So the dreary night went by;
And came forth
The pale and sickly day;
And they trembled in his ray,
And knew their fate was near,
In the north.

Up from the solid sea
He came forth;
They knew the end was nigh,
As they saw with tearless eye
How their strength and hope had died
In the north.

And a bitter storm arose
And went forth
In the madness of his pride;
And they perished side by side,
By the sorcery of his stare,
In the north.

And amidst the ice they lie,
 Looking forth
With hard and angry eyes
To the melancholy skies,
That pitied not nor feared,
 In the north.

Never from those dumb, dead seas
 Shall come forth
That bold and hardy crew,
And none their grave shall strew
With flowers, nor wet with tears
 In the north.

But their memory, like a God,
 Shall go forth ;
And all time shall weep their fate
In the empire desolate,
That gave no echo back,
 In the north.

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

My wasted cheeks are wet
With tears of vain regret
For all I should remember not
And all I would forget.

Oh, how shall these avenge us,
With look, or word, or kiss,
For all the bliss that might have been
And all the pain that is.

THE GHOSTS.

The desolate sea goes up and down,
Up and down the desolate shore;
And tremble through the misty air
The phantasms of the stars of yore.

Shapeless and black, athwart the hills
Ruinous temple and palace lie;
And ghostly whispers come and go,
Rustling beneath the ghostly sky.

Since, from the temples, gods and priests
Together fled, what years have gone?
What years, since in the palaces
The steadfast silence grew to stone?

I look up through the darkening night;
My soul its mystery pervades,
And withers as it feels that we
Are shadows in a world of shades.

T H E R O S E.

I hold in my hand a rose;
As other roses it seems to thee,
Sweet to smell and fair to see,
But from time without beginning it grew,
Bathed in the sunlight and fed on the dew,
That she might pluck it and give it to me.

Yea, the rose I hold in my hand,
Sacred from other worshippers,
Was kept with many a holy verse:
No worm could gnaw it; no canker blight;
It was guarded by day, and guarded by night,
From every eye and hand but hers.

I forget the rose in my hand,
Saying, laughing merrily,
"Let who will look down on me:
What is written, is written; our fate
Comes to us, whether we strive or wait
Whether to it or from it we flee."

THE MYSTIC.

Mine are vague longings, shadowy aspirations,
Hopeless but full of patience ;
 Eternally the infinite emotion
Of one who sees the radiant exhalations
Of sunset glow and fade in noiseless conflagrations,
 Standing alone upon the sounding shore of ocean.

Your smile or frown I reck not ; exaltation
Is one with degradation,
 For neither is, to love like mine immortal :
I am dissolved in my consuming passion,
And, like a poet wrapped in blisses of creation,
 Care not when I shall pass, nor at what dark-
 some portal.

HOW SHALL WE WED?

Oh love, your starry eyes have fed
Upon a fairer face than this;
There is a poison in thy kiss,
When I remember it was his;
How shall we wed?

Can love die; or wast thou misled
By slander? Oh, too lightly moved!
Hadst thou been truer, time had proved
My truth; but now, too fondly loved,
How shall we wed?

Yet think not that my love is dead,
Or lives transformed to hate by pain;
Still must I love, but still in vain;
Still worship thee, and still disdain:
How shall we wed?

MELANCHOLIA.

Of her, to whom the glimmering gray
 Of morn is sacred evermore,
Whose cloudy altars, far away,
 Are purple with the sunset's gore,
Of her, to whom the summer noon,
Of her, to whom the silver moon
 And all the stars of night belong,
Of Melancholy is my song.

For I, in sorrow nurtured, learned
 To love her when I was a child;
And if at times her love I spurned,
 We over graves were reconciled;

And for her smile, I learned to dare
The fiercest furies of Despair,
And found them impotent for wrong ;
Of Melancholy is my song.

Oh ! hers is beauty that inspires,
Beauty that changes as the sea,
Which chaunting to harmonious lyres
Doth ebb and flow continually ;
To her all nature ministers,
And every poet's heart is hers,
And all the dreams his lips that throng ;
Of Melancholy is my song.

Oh, deify desire no more ;
Laughter and tears alike forget ;
And learn of her, a subtler lore
Than any that hath thrilled ye yet ;
Oh, seek her, hearts with bliss that break,
Oh, find her, hearts with woe that wake ;
Oh, gaze upon her and be strong !
Of Melancholy is my song.

P O E.

Was it far away in the uttermost East,
In the passionate East, in the mystical East,
That this passionate, mystical being was born,
This child of wonder, this child of scorn ?
Who can think of the fervid dyes
Of tropical flowers and tropical skies,
Of the marvellous gems and the golden sands
Of the rivers that roll through those fabulous
lands,
And forget he was fitted to be their priest
In the passionate East, in the mystical East ?

MAN AND WOMAN.

Because, even as she spake she sighed,
I knew herself it could not be
That spake thus harshly unto me ;
"Alas, it might have been !" I cried.

Then, o'er the grief that rent my heart,
I poured the charm of passionate song ;
I cursed the age that did us wrong ;
I cursed the age of church and mart.

I cursed the earthen age, in which
We live ; my curse, a tempest, took
The ruinous whitened walls, and shook
The skeletons in every niche.

I cursed it by my blighted heart ;
By all the wrong that it hath done,
I cursed it. I live on alone,
But found oblivion in my art.

But helpless as one blind and dumb
Stood she ; there oped no door of flight ;
She had no frown her grief to fight ;
There blew no wind her pain to numb.

Her sorrow she could not outsoar,
Nor quell its flame with other flame ;
A ghastly shadow she became,
That in the wood and by the shore,

Where she with him in days of old
Had wandered, loves to wander yet ;
Nor, till she dies, can she forget
The love that must remain untold.

U N A .

Large eyes of lustre tremulous, in which
 Passion, intensely watchful, as in sleep
Lay coiled ; whence, as a statue from its niche,
 Her soul looked pityingly into the deep
Abysses of my agony, and smiled,
 And I was calm, to being reconciled.

A countenance serene, that told of strife
 Which was but is not and shall be no more ;
A voice, that vibrated with larger life
 Of greater triumphs than I knew before ;
Laughter and tears, which, like the spirit of God
 Upon the troubled waters, moved abroad.

These were the fountains of my fierce desire ;
These were the clouds of this destroying storm
These were the torches of the funeral pyre
Whose flames arise around my fettered form ;
And these the sorceries, that made of me,
To my own awe, to love a votary.

I know that my great passion is in vain :
I know, beloved, that we shall not wed :
I know that I am doomed to live in pain
Alone, and all alone, alas ! to shed
This mortal. Be it so ! I am content
To have aspired so nobly. If I rent
The chains of my despair, and with the great
Was numbered—if my name shall be a word,
Nor lower fate do I anticipate,
By which the coming generations stirred
Shall upward look and onward—let them bow,
But not to me—It was not I, but thou !

TO EARTHLY BEAUTY.

Think not that time shall spare thee ;
Thy loveliness shall cease, and none remember
How beautiful and bright thou wast of old.

Who shall believe thy story,
That rheumy eyes were bright with love impas-
sioned,
That shrivelled lips were sweet with burning song ?

A U T U M N.

Southward a league, the city lay
Betwixt its rivers; overhead
An oak its fading foliage spread
Athwart the melancholy gray.

We lay upon the grassy slope,
And saw the stream beneath us flow;
We sought not joy; we shunned not woe;
Afar from fear; afar from hope.

We had forgotten hate and love;
We were beyond or time or death;
The rippling of the wave beneath—
The sighing of the oak above—

The faded landscape—these alone
Were, and of these a part we grew;
We all their melancholy knew,
And knowing it, forgot our own.

The spirit of the autumn day
Had mingled with our blood: "Alas,"
We sighed, "that such a day must pass
Like all before, behind, away."

UNREST.

Enough of moody grief! Of tears and sighs
Enough! Too much! Methinks, that I have slept;
And now my trance is ended, I arise
And laugh that I have wept.

I gaze upon the night. The moon, above,
Is bright; beneath, the rippling river gleams;
And dancing to and fro, the branches move
To music as of dreams.

Motion and light and music that inspire
Old memories, old yearnings, the unrest
That vibrated and roared and glowed like fire
Within my youthful breast.

And I recall the thirst with which I burned,
The hopes that lit the nobler life of eld,
The glory that for thee I fondly spurned,
The rapture I withheld.

Enough of moody grief! Of tears and sighs
Enough! No more of passion or of pain!
For now my trance is done, and I arise,
And those are mine again!

N O.

Love! I know your little heart,
Oh! I read it long ago,
'Tis to please me, that you teaze me,
Saying, No, No, No!
Laughing, No!

Well! 'Tis wise, but is it fair
To make merry at my woe—
Thus to grieve me and deceive me,
Saying, No, No, No!
Laughing, No!

Pretty mischief! Changeling! Elf!
Cease, oh! cease to vex me so—
Cease to vex me, and perplex me,
Saying, No, No, No!
Laughing, No!

F A M E

Oh, hope, that turnest to-morrow to to-day !
Full well I know that some have been undone,
Who, erring in impossible desire,
Higher than all achievement sought to soar,
Saying, " I only will be counted great." . . .
They died unanswered, yet their faith was joy,
For death to them was easier than doubt;
Their passions were as real as their souls ;
The architecture of their daring dreams,
Temple and tower, earthquake shaken, fell—
But fell unnoticed, for the world was rent.

The love is happiest, though all unblest,
Which most exceeds in its intensity—
Yea, happiest, being most worthy bliss !
This is the lesson which their fate has taught.

The love that mounts an undisputed throne,
And reigns untroubled, is but partly blest,
For after weariest labour, sweetest sleep
Falls, as when thunder ceases, on the ear
The silence gathers fathomless and black.

Therefore I curse not destiny, that sows
My onward path with thorns that drip with blood;
Therefore I tremble not, though all around
They lie, whose courage was not less than mine.
And I may lay my bones to bleach with theirs,
Unsepulchred, unhonored ; or, perchance,
Glow, constellated in the zodiac,
On unimagined worlds ; but whatsoe'er
My fate, I am unchanged—shall be content.

THE BARD OF PAIN.

Untimely care had marred his face,
And thankless toil had made him thin,
Far thought whose lightnings kindle space,
And what voluptuous sin.

And burning love and bitter hate
Upon his brow their seals had set,
And many a yearning passionate,
And many a wild regret.

But now the quiet daisies ope
Above the sod that covers him,
Nor let the radiant glance of Hope,
Uplifted thence, grow dim.

THE KISS.

The lyre I bear, so sweet of sound—
I dash it on the frozen ground,
For idle are its golden chords,
And vain of song the burning words.

I kiss thee ; let my kiss avail,
Where speech and music both must fail,
To tell the love, which else from thee
A secret evermore must be.

S O N G.

Let us forget the promise of to-morrow,
Which, oh, too well! we know in gloom may set ;
Let us forget the hope that brings but sorrow :
 Let us forget—forget—forget.
Let us forget the fetters that we bear ;
 Let us forget the canker and the fret ;
Oh ! Let who will remember—remember,
 Let us forget—let us forget !

Let us forget the friends who have deceived us ;
 Let us forget the loves that wake regret :
And all that baffled us and all that grieved us,
 Let us forget—forget—forget.
Let us forget to-day and yesterday ;
 Let us forget the canker and the fret ;
Oh ! Let who will remember—remember,
 Let us forget—let us forget !

THE DEATH BED.

I know that ere an hour has fled,
My weary soul shall cease ;
And none shall weep that I am dead,
But I shall be at peace ;
My eyes grow dim, my veins congeal,
But in my inmost soul I feel
The rapture of release,
And smile to think how frail the chain,
That bound me to this wheel of pain.

For mine has been a dreary life,
Of aspirations higher
Than all could perish in the strife
Twixt duty and desire ;

And so, the world shall keep my name ;
But as I muse the greater fame,
 To which I might aspire,
Had kindlier stars upon me shone,
What matters that which I have won ?

But not that much is left undone
 That I was born to do,
Would I the approaching shadow shun,
 The bootless strife renew ;
For I have known the subtle pain
 That he shall feel who calls in vain
 The phantoms ye pursue,
And all the tenfold bitterness
 That waits for him who shall possess.

But now is done the weary dream,
 With all its wintry shows,
And of my love the dreary gleam
 To glorify its snows ;
Once death to me was full of fear,
 But now with joy, his feet I hear ;
 I know he brings repose. [shed ?
Should sighs be breathed ? Should tears be
 No ! welcome be the presence dread.

If I had lived a happy life,
And had not lived in vain ;
If calm had been instead of strife,
And pleasure what was pain ;
If she I love, beside me stood,
And gazed upon me wild of mood ;
What now had been the gain ?
I could not bear that darker curse ;
I would not wish such sorrow hers.

To gaze upon a forehead pale,
Whereon the death-dews thicken ;
And feel that love shall not avail
The lethargy to quicken,
That shades me with its condor wings,
And tears me—vain imaginings !
Should I my fancy sicken
With thoughts of grief that might have been,
A scanty comfort thence to glean ?

Is this the end ? The day grows dim,
And still the sun is high ;
And shadowy forms around me swim,
Like clouds within the sky.

No more of tears ! No more of mirth !
But silence in the quiet earth !
I am content to die,
And in my sad philosophy,
Ask but to perish utterly.

A G N E S.

Her glorious voice, save when alone
The songs he praised in days agone
She sang, was mute ; into eclipse
The smiles, that hung upon her lips
Like bees on flowers, as stars withdrew,
Were withered as a drop of dew ;
And day by day she waned away,
And died, and told not of her love.

She of her beauty took no care ;
Dishevelled hung her raven hair,
And of her eyes, a murky flame
The silvery radiance became ;
And day by day her cheek grew paler,
And day by day her form grew frailer,
And day by day she waned away,
And died, and told not of her love.

S Y L V I A.

I met my false love in the lane to-day;

The pretty fool, who wedded sacks of gold,
And for a heart would give them all away—
So is her story told.

I had resolved to speak my honest scorn
To her; but when I saw how care had fed
Upon her loveliness, moving forlorn
As if her soul were dead.

Upon the earth, forgotten things among,
The bitter truths I had resolved to tell,
As swords that fall from hands by death unstrung,
Clashing and shivering fell.

And so we met and parted silently,
Despair so frozen on her countenance,
That she endured without a moan or cry
The pity of my glance.

CHANGED.

I lay in the silvery moonlight,
And listened to the trees,
And shuddered as they tossed their arms
Aloft in the midnight breeze.

And I longed to see them vanish,
And leave my soul at peace,
And leave the solemn night sereno
In its dread loneliness.

The many dreams of my childhood,
So, in the days agone,
Had tossed their ghostly arms aloft
And vanished one by one.

With peals of mocking laughter
Had vanished one by one,
And in the darkness of despair
Had left a soul undone.

But not the soul of yearning,
Which was before their flight ;
I know not joy ; I know not grief ;
But only undelight.

I lay in the silvery moonlight,
And sighed, Ah, well-a-day !
I know the truth of my olden doubt,
My soul has been stolen away.

By whom, or how I know not,
Nor when, nor where, nor why ;
But could I have it for an hour,
I would be strong to die.

DEPARTED.

The love-sick winds went all day long
About the gardens, to and fro ;
In vain they listened for her voice
In some sweet strain of long ago ;
And where the cypress darkest gloomed,
And rose the cold, dank sepulchre,
They entered shuddering, and saw
Death sitting crowned, but not with her.

And heedless of their sympathy,
And blind to all the shows of spring,
Stretched on a hill-side sown with flowers,
They heard the weeping poet sing,
Of one, more lovely than his thought,
And one, more worthy than his fate,
Of one, forever, ever gone,
And one, remaining desolate.

M A R A H.

Once I had faith in man and God ;
And, as a wind that goes abroad,
From gardens bright, an odor sweet,
So from a life of bliss complete,
A perfume rare my song arose, and blew
The wide world through and through.

Oh, friend ! the venom of my song
Chide not, or chide my bitter wrong ;
I did not seek, nor could foresee,
The chance that wrought this change in me ;
I would not that my song should breathe from
 bowers
Of weeds instead of flowers.

THE GATE.

I dwell in the outer blackness,
A spirit black with sin,
But mine are the ancient mysteries,
That the angels long to win,
As I stand at the gate of Paradise,
But may not enter therein.

To me their sweetest anthem
Is a discordant din,
For mine are the magical melodies,
To which the worlds begin,
As I stand at the gate of Paradise,
But may not enter therein.

D R E A M S ,

The fountains of untroubled sleep are dry
In which I bathed of yore ;
For, if I slumber, thou art ever nigh,
And cold for evermore.

We wander side by side, familiarly,
As in the days of old ;
And hope, from death arisen, smiles on me,
And makes my spirit bold.

And I, anew, to thee with tears repeat
The story of my love,
And I anew would perish at thy feet :—
But the wan moon above

Beams upon me alone, and like a snake
Hisses the uncoiling sea ;
And so from dreams of anguish I awake—
Awake to think of thee.

NOT YET.

I heard the river from the hills above
Roar by me, rushing downward through the
woods ;
My thought flowed through the future of our love,
Through dreary wastes and gloomy solitudes,
And doom, and desolation, and of hell
The anguish, wheresoe'er I turned, were nigh :
Then I arose and murmured, "I may die
"Speaking the word, but I will say farewell."

I found her reading. She looked up, struck dumb
By the strange sternness of my pallid mouth.
I trembled with my passion. "I am come
"To say farewell." Thereat a hungry drouth
Did seize and tear me. But that thus we met,
She had not said, a blush upon her face,
She had not said, with such a plaintive grace,
With such a tender earnestness, "Not Yet."

THE TROLL'S CAPTIVE.

I had a dream ; from lands afar
He came, whose sword shall set me free ;
A lovely boy with golden hair,
And ruddy cheeks so fair to see ;
The words he spake were sweet to hear,
But when the night began to wane,
I murmured, " Wilt thou leave me, dear ?"
He answered, " I will come again."

I told the Troll my dream : but he,
With laughter loud, " The moat is deep ;
The gates are fashioned cunningly,
And they who watch them will not sleep :
And most of all my arm is strong,
Strong as the spells that thee enchain."
And I replied, " He tarries long,
But he will surely come again."

And as the years go slowly by,
He laughs, reminding me of him,
With thoughts of whom perpetually
My face is flushed, my eyes are dim.
"Why waits the coward?" cries the Troll;
"How long shalt thou with me remain?"
And answer makes my inmost soul,
"I know that he will come again."

"Perchance, he found a safer love;
Perchance, a lovelier than thee;
Better than seek my wrath to prove,
Or dare the perils of the sea;
Perchance he sleeps within the deep,
Or long ago in fight was slain,"
But I make answer as I weep
"I know that he will come again.

I know that he will come again,
The prince, whose sword shall set me free;
E'en now his bark is on the main;
He knows the ancient prophecy;
His sword is keen, his arm is strong,
The words he spake shall not be vain;
Oh, love! although thou tarriest long,
I know that thou wilt come again."

THE PHILTRE.

A glass of water, maiden fair,
I said to the girl beside the well,
Oh, sweet was the smile on her lips of guile
As she gave me to drink, the witch of hell !

I drank, and sweet was the draught ; I drank,
And thanked the giver, and still she smiled ;
But her smile like a curse on my spirit sank,
Till my cheek grew wan and my brain grew
wild.

And lo, the light from the day was gone,
And gone was maiden, and gone was well ;
The dark instead like a wall of stone,
And rivers that roared through the dark and fell.

Was it the draught, or was it the smile,
Or my own false heart, ah, who shall tell ?
But the black waves beat at my weary feet,
And sits at my side the witch of hell.

THE SPHYNX.

Go not to Thebes ! The Sphynx is there,
And thou shalt see her beauty rare,
And thee the sorcery of her smile
To read her riddles shall beguile.

Oh, woe to him who fails to read !
But woe to him who shall succeed !
For he, who fails the truth to show,
The terrors of her wrath shall know.

But, shouldst thou find her mystery,
Not less is death reserved to thee ;
For she shall cease, and thou shalt sigh
That she no longer is, and die.

T I M E.

And I am nothing ; men shall keep
 No memory in time to come
Of me. Well, let who will go weep ;
 I have been silent but not dumb.

I care not. Let me pass in peace ;
 For it is written on the sky,
There is no faith which shall not cease,
 Nor any fame which shall not die.

TENDER AND TRUE.

Oh, what with fame hast thou to do—
Thou canst not stoop—thou canst not sue—
Tender and true?
Thou canst not hide the scorn,
Too proud! that kindles in thy face—
The quivering lip, the flashing eye, betrays
Thy secret, oh, forlorn!
Thy heart, is strong but frail thy hand;
How shalt thou hurl the spear, or lift the brand?
Yet weep not thou that naught is left to do,
Tender and true.

Oh, what with love hast thou to do—
Thou canst not woo as others woo—
Tender and true ?

Thy soul must throb in vain ;
Too proud ! thy love must burn unknown ;
How shalt thou bare thy breaking heart, or own
Thine ecstacy of pain ?

In earthly words how shalt thou tell
Thy passion high as heaven and deep as hell ?
Yet weep not thou that naught is left to do,
Tender and true.

Oh, what with earth hast thou to do—
Of all the worlds is death the clue—
Tender and true ?

Die, and perchance, above,
Too proud ! hereafter, there may wait
For thee in other spheres a worthier fate,
Diviner fame and love,

To him who dares to satisfy
His fever thirst is Lethe ever nigh.
Oh weep no more thy life of hope bereft,
For death is left !

AMIDST THE DARKNESS.

Amidst the darkness standeth he,
The dreamer with the bright blue eyes,
With whom rest all earth's destinies
Through all the infinite to be.

Amidst the darkness standeth he,
And as the golden stars arise,
They show unto his tearless eyes
The anguish and the bliss to be.

Amidst the darkness standeth he,
The dreamer with the bright blue eyes ;
His lightest words shall prophecies,
His glory shall eternal be.

For he shall be, yea, even he !
Who standeth in the dark alone,
Of all unheeded and unknown,
But conscious of his destiny.—

For he shall be, yea, even he !
Above alike or hopes or fears,
Amidst the clash of swords and spears,
The standard-bearer of the years,
The poet of the dim To-Be.

WHY SLEEPS THY SOUL?

It sets, the sun of passionate love ;
The landscape darkens, and above
The stars of fame again grow bright
That withered in the day-spring's light ;
But I am changed ; with tearful eyes
I gaze upon the kindling skies.

Yea ! I am changed. Can this be he,
Who went forth, mailed in passion strong,
To war with error ; consecrate
To tread the fairy land of song,
To shock with sound importunate
The gates of fame ? Can this be he ?
Ah, woe is me !

Dead is the faith, by which upheld
The sea, wherein I sink, I trod ;
And gone the halo of the god,
That wreathed my brow in days of eld ;
False was the ancient prophecy ;
A sword that in its scabbard rusts,
Oh, soul of mine ! is like to thee ;
A star that on the midnight falls
Unnoticed in the sea.

So let me fall ! but when this fire is clay,
Some one, perchance, shall read this simple lay
And weeping say,
“ The truest passion shuns the sight ;
The sweetest flowers open in the night,
And wither ere the day.”

NOVEMBER.

Amidst the withered leaves I lie ;
I look upon the sober sky ;
I am not young ; I am not old ;
I am not rich ; I am not poor ;
I cannot fear what may not be,
And of what hath been I am sure.

I muse—I neither laugh nor sigh ;
Of all the faded landscape I
Am part ; I am not tired of life ;
And yet, I would not live anew,
Though woods and wolds forever green
Should be, and skies forever blue.

PAST AND FUTURE.

Let us renew the happy years,
That happier seem for present pain ;
Although we may not meet again,
We will not spend to-night in tears.

How grand were our imaginings !
Remembering them my eyes grow wet,
For we were conquerors, and set
Unshrinking feet on necks of kings.

For we were poets ; and our words
Were wine to hearts forlorn ; the wrong
Withered before our magic song,
More potent far than spears or swords.

For we were prophets ; scorn and shame
Were ours, but we were not appalled ;
In vain we cried, Repent ! we called
On desolation, and it came.

For we were martyrs : and we passed
Through fire unto the feet of God,
Knowing our faith was blown abroad,
Even as our ashes, on the blast.

What hopes were those I shared with thee !
What bliss was ours as hand in hand,
In dreams, we wandered through each land
Of old romance beyond the sea !

Yet in the past the seeds were sown,
I trust, of noble destinies ;
Our aspirations, prophecies
Were as the future shall make known.

When some true word or valiant deed
Of ours shall lighten through the earth,
We shall rejoice to know its birth
Was in the hopes that we decreed.

The past at least is sure from Pain ;
The future may from him be won ;
And, though we fail, till life is done
We cannot know our dreams were vain,

And it will matter little then ;
Let us rejoice that we have met,
Rejoice that we cannot forget,
Although we may not meet again !

THE GARDEN.

I wander in the broken walks,
Beneath the leafless trees ;
And as I walk, my eyes are dim
With tender memories,
For here we walked in sunnier days
And starrier nights than these.

In happier hours of summer tide,
Now changed to winter frore,
When love filled up the cup of life
Until the wine ran o'er ;
In days of joy and nights of bliss
Which shall be nevermore.

OUR LOVE.

Do I remember? Oh, can I forget,
Dearest, the hour in which our love began?
How thrilled our souls, as if our feet were set
On dizzy peaks, from which our eyes o'er-ran
Broad regions, from the hour in which we met,
Ordained our own for blessing or for ban!

Then had we parted, and to meet no more
Gone forth, how dark, oh love, and desolate
Had been our fate!
How dreary it had been to watch and wait
And evermore to watch and wait in vain,
Like shipwrecked men, that on some barren cape
Of some forbidden shore

Crowd eagerly, and gaze athwart the main
With blood-shot eyes, and curse with blacken-
ing lips
The stately ships,
That slowly in the distance gather shape,
And slowly in the distance fade again !

P S Y C H E .

Nature is barren to the breaking heart.
The sea may thunder on its rocks unheard ;
The drowning moon uplift her pallid face,
Eager with horror, from the deeps of heaven,
Unpitied ; I have wept, but weep no more.

My heart is changed. I trod the mist-wreathed
hills ;
I watched the sunrise and the sunset ; oped
The portals of my soul, neath midnight stars,
To ghostly thoughts ; or, in the still noon,
Lay amidst fallen leaves, and mused until
My eyes grew dim ; but I shall weep no more.

I loved the clouds, that slept within the sky ;
I loved the river, murmuring in the shade ;
The music of the waterfall was dear ;
And dear the song of bird, and hum of bee,
And sound of wind-swept forest musical ;
They filled my spirit with passionate fancies, till
It overflowed in tears ; but I am changed ;
And I have wept, but I shall weep no more.

And in the heart of man I loved to look,
With eyes not destitute of sympathy
And pity ; it may be I longed for love,
And fame, and reverence born of love and fame ;
But whatsoe'er my longings they were cursed ;
I wept them as they withered, one by one,
And fell to dust ; but I shall weep no more.

THE STATESMAN.

Say shall his memory lie in state—
A thing of reverence and awe—
Who was unprofitably great—
Who knew no law
Save that his pride upreared—who sold
To sin the power that wisdom brings,
The sceptre mightier than a king's,
For praise and gold.

No ! let the humbler felon go,
But still He lives—the god-like fire
Of that great soul, though dim and low,
Cannot expire ;

And let the expiation be,
Even as the crime immortal is;
The Grave may not, for sin like his,
Be sanctuary !

By all the evil that he did—
By all the good he left undone—
By all the glory that he hid—
The shame he won—
The indignation of his verse
On him let the true poet wreak—
Of him the just historian speak,
And speak a curse !

MENE ! MENE !

Speak not to me of power that builds its throne
On outraged rights ; for it shall pass away ;
Yea, though its empire stretch from zone to zone,
And bathe in endless day.

Even when the mirth is loudest shall the wine
Grow bitter, and the shivered wine cup fall ;
For in that hour shall come the Hand Divine,
And write upon the wall.

Weep, if thou wilt, sad seer ! thy land's decay ;
Weep, if thou wilt. the hopes that shall expire ;
Weep, if thou wilt, the wearisome delay
Of earth's august desire.

But weep not ever-during truth as fled,
Though deserts howl where once her temples
rose ;

Nor weep for freedom, dreaming she is dead,
Fallen amidst her foes.

For God remains alway ; and to the truth
Shall incense stream from many a grander fame ;
And, in the blinding glory of her youth,
Freedom shall rise again.

THE MARTYR.

When from a life of god-like strife,
The indignant martyr soars to God,
Though vultures blacken o'er his fame,
And tear his clod ;

Let us not weep for him, but keep
His memory ; let his glorious death,
Crowning a valiant life, renew,
Not shake our faith.

But weep for those, his guilty foes,
On whom his blood a curse shall be,
To haunt their silken dreams ; a dread
That will not flee ;

The secret fear of vengeance near,
That passes vengeance; and the doubt,
Forbidding with its evil eye
The calm without: .

Or those, the men, who know not when
A kingly soul, amidst our dearth
Of thought and deed, by life or death
Has fed the earth.

His faith sublime grown blind to time
By gazing on eternity,
They cannot understand, and yet
They hear and see.

As if for trade the stars were made,
Madman! they cry, when one comes forth,
Of truth and justice, with his blood
To prove the worth.

Aye weep for them, and not for him:
And live that ye, beyond the years,
May meet him at the feet of God
Nor move his tears.

THE SWORD OF FIRE.

I mark thee in thy visionary mood ;
Thy dreams are not the dreams of yore ;
But iron pulses in thy wayward blood
Strike fiercely evermore.

Rejoice, that fortune took her gifts again,
That even love was false to thee !
For now my soul renews, and not in vain,
Its ancient prophecy.

Turn from the blinding glare that blights the years
Of memory : the sword of God,
In mercy, from thy Paradise of tears
Compels thy soul abroad.

Arise ! Than thus to live, and thus to die,
A greater fate is kept for thee :
I hear the trump of Fame through all the sky
Blow like a tempest sea.

All is not lost ! Fortune shall come again ;
It may be, Love shall smile upon thee yet ;
But now, Arise ! nor perish here in vain—
Remember, and forget !

THE NEW YEAR.

1858.

The bells are pealing across the snow ;

Alone on high sits the moon forlorn ;
And be it for good, or be it for ill,

A year is dead and a year is born.

Who shall tell what the stranger brings ?

Shall he crown the world with flowers or thorns ?
Shall he love the sound of dirge or knell,
Or the merry music of marriage morns ?

Yet welcome ! The heart, indeed, is dead
That yearned for the feet of the coming years ;
The eager heart that fondly knelt,
And questioned the secret stars with tears :

And another heart to me is given,
That scoffs at bliss and mocks at pain ;
The years are ghosts, and come and go,
But I, oh Love, unmoved remain !

Welcome! but not for thyself, unproved :
For the hopes that brighten behind the veil,
That shall grow like flowers upon thy grave,
In the name of Him who hath sent thee, Hail !

THE NEW YEAR.

1861.

Child of Hope ! We have waited how long ! oh,
how long !

For the sound, as of gathering hosts, of thy
tread—

The sound of thy tread and the voice of thy song—

The voice of thy song, which shall kindle the
dead !

Child of Hope ! For thy song shall enkindle the
dead,

Like the marvellous song of the master of old,
The beauty and truth that forever seemed fled,

The beauty and truth of the ages of gold !

Child of Hope! Nor alone shall the dead own
thy might,

But as angels came down to St. Cecily's song,
The heart of the future shall thrill with delight,
And its spirits in rapture around thee shall
throng!

And the bliss of the future, the bliss of the past,
Shall be mixed and commingled in that which
is thine;

And thy joy which no sorrow shall ever o'ercast
Shall gleam like the rainbow a promise divine.

FROM THE DEAD.

Think not that I with silence meek
Bowed down unto my bitter fate;
Though to the stirring words you speak,
I make reply, "It is too late!"

Oh, strong of heart, and stern of will !
You ope the ancient wound in vain.
To the swift sorceries of your skill,
Corpse-like I start, and feel again,
Of life that might have been so great,
And was so sweet, the pain :—

Of life that might have been so great,
And was so sweet, the sense renewed ;
Upon my aching brain a weight,
And fire within my frozen blood ;
I frown upon eternal fate,
As in our days of feud ;
I frown again with pallid hate,
Conquered but unsubdued.

Idly as some wild harmony
Soars clanging to its brazen close,
Thrilling our cold mortality
With passions that can never die,
Revealing all the secrets of the sky
With lightning glows,
Then dies and leaves us darker for its shows,
My ghost that at your spell arose,
Shrieking, Too late ! Too late ! It is too late !
Fades and forgets its woes :
You torture him you cannot save ;
Oh ! leave me quiet in my grave.

THE HERALD.

The herald of an unknown God,
The voice, the oracle am I ;
I care not if they live or die,
The words which I proclaim abroad.

The vessel of necessity,
Famine or plenty, war or peace,
Or false or true, the prophecies
I utter, matters not to me.

Nor less that I am void of faith,
The words ordained abroad I spread ;
Nor less, on living ears and dead,
They fall, and work to life and death.

A mirror through which shadows pass,
A shadow floating here and there,
I know myself ; and little care
Take of what I shall be or was.

A cloud across the azure driven,
A wind athwart the surging wood,
A billow on the heaving flood,
A meteor flashing down the heaven,

I was, I am, and I shall cease ;
It may be I shall live again ;
But the great purpose shall remain,
Breathing its Orphic harmonies ;

And deep make answer unto deep ;
And all the orbs of heaven be loud ;
And night and day, an endless crowd,
Eternal testimonies keep.

B U R N S .

Tell me no more that Poesy is vain,
For even as ye speak your eyes are dim !
Brief was the peasant's life as full of pain;
Yet who but envies him ?

To him, the bard, be praise for aye.
Whose lightest word has power
To lend a radiance to the day,
A perfume to the flower :
To him, by whose defiant art
The joys and pains of heretofore
Are joy and pain forevermore,
Our joy, our pain, of us a part:
Who would not bear his wayward lot,
To be the lord of tears and mirth,
And of the affluence of his thought
To feed the hungry earth ?

Men marvelled when the untutored ploughman
came,
His country's glory and his age's shame,
The Hafiz of the rugged north,
To consecrate her hills to fame :
They marvelled in their ignorance at his,
And their oblivion took his pride amiss ;
His name unblazoned in heraldic scroll,
His was the birthright of the kingly soul ;
And ignorant in the lore the schools impart,
His was the wisdom of the passionate heart.

No fiery fascination of far thought ;
No baleful gloom of passion in his rhyme ;
No painful toil ; but in their stead he taught
The sweet simplicity of early time ;
His natural thoughts in natural numbers poured,
Nor deemed the language which the vulgar use
Too humble for the service of the muse,
But in the fulness of his heart adored ;
And the rude patois musical became,
Dear to the world, and sacred to his fame.

And stainless fools have prated of his sins.
It matters little. Let the years convince,

Through which the broadening river of his glory
Sweeps onward gladdening the painful earth ;
With harvests of rich hope, the deserts hoary
Grow beautiful, and vintages of mirth.

I know that other bards, neath kindlier stars,
In lives diviner, nobler works achieved ;
A grander fame, in more heroic wars,
They conquered ; their far glories stand relieved
In black against the sunset's clouds of fire,
Dilated on the peaks of their desire.
But Burns, no radiant fate uplifted,
To his bright station, out of gloom ;
They knew him not, until the gifted
Was happy in the tomb.
Enough, that in the scanty intervals
Of penury and toil, he boldly fought
With his inglorious doom,
And the nobility of genius taught
With many a brave and tender word and
thought
In songs immortal wrought ;—
Let beauty perish, and the skies
Grow dim, what time their music dies !

THE WILD WAVES.

SUGGESTED BY HAMILTON'S PAINTING.

Along the endless reaches
Of bleak and barren beaches,
The billows comb and pour;
Mocking with bitter laughter
The hope of the hereafter,
The pride of heretofore.

O soul of gifts divinest,
Thou, too, forever pinest,
Lashing thy bordering sands:
The bars of thy dominions
Beating with broken pinions,
Grappling with bleeding hands.

The sunset, deep and tender,
Darkens in solemn splendor
Over the heaving waves
Red with its radiance ; under
Are clouds of storm and thunder ;
And in the deep are graves.

To-morrow and to-morrow
The sea shall keep its sorrow ;
But thou, O soul of mine,
Thy day to-day grows dimmer ;
Shall no to-morrow glimmer
On this unrest of thine.

I grieve not. If the spirit
Could keep the chains that wear it,
I, too, might bitter be—
So sink, thou sun supernal
Into the deep eternal,
And laugh, thou cynic sea !

B Y T H E S E A .

Hulls of ebon, sails of argent,
Go the ships along the margent,
In the breeze their cordage creaking,
And around, the sea birds shrieking.

Songs of sailors, and the rustle
Of their turmoil and their bustle,
Stir me, as the ships go onward
Unto grander regions sunward.

Them the thunderbolt may shatter ;
Sunken rocks their crews may scatter
To the sharks that lurk and loiter
In the treacherous, deep water ;

But for me such fate were better
Than the dungeon and the fetter
Of this dreary life,—this canker
Of the ship that rots at anchor.

THE PRAISE OF SORROW.

Flowers are springing, birds are singing,
In this merry world of ours ;
And the feet of happy lovers
Loiter in its pleasant bowers ;
And the goblet foams and sparkles
With the ruddy wine we pour ;
Silent sits the secret shadow,
Sorrow with her subtle lore !

But when all the flowers are faded,
And when all the birds are dead,
And the feet of happy lovers
From the moonlit paths are fled,

And the goblet foams no longer
With the bitter lees we pour,
Shall arise the secret shadow,
Sorrow shall be dumb no more !

And her voice shall speak in music
Sweeter than the bliss before,
And a solemn joy and saintly
Shall replace the unrest of yore ;
And our eyes shall see her beauty,
And our hearts shall feel her love,
And our weary feet be guided
To the better world above.

And in heaven, up in heaven,
There are harpings sweet and loud,
And their gladness is to ours
As the lightning to the cloud,
And the presence of Jehovah
Fills the place, but doubt not this,
That the sorrow of the angels,
Is their heavenliest bliss !

THE REST OF BOODH.

Of all the visions of the Eastern sages,
The garnered treasures of forgotten ages,
The childlike wisdom of what hoariest eld,
Of all the faiths which men hold or have held,
That pleases me, in which the supreme good
 Of the desired hereafter lies in this,
 From earthly suffering and earthly bliss
To be withdrawn into the rest of Boodh.

Ye who have known the quiet which is born
In souls that have forgotten to desire
But have desired, whom life hath made forlorn,
By fates superior to remorse or ire,
Baffled your hopes, your yearnings laughed to
scorn,
Chained to the rock, or withering in the fire,
Hell's barren empire yours, but yours the clue,
For which Jove trembled, which supreme Pro-
metheus knew,
Rejoice ! for ye have had even in this life
Some glimpses of the bliss of that to be,
The god-like peace that only follows strife,
The calm of victory.
Rejoice, ye kingly spirits unsubdued,
For your sweet foretaste of the rest of Boodh.

The rest of Boodh ! Lo, Time the eternal bears
A harp of silence : as its music wakes
The graves grow green in which we laid with
tears
Our dearest, and our faces grief forsakes ;
Listen, the poet's song dies unawares ;
Behold, the conquerer's arch asunder breaks :

And to the strains of that Lethean lyre
Our rapture like our anguish shall expire.

That whirl of thrilling passion, joy and pain,
I would not wish again ;
Yet would not lose the dreary wisdom won
In the life which is done,
The calm of high heroic hearts outworn
With victory forlorn ;
I would not yield to death the poet mood
Which peoples every solitude,
The power born of wrong
Which lightens in my song ;
Unchanged and changeless, yet no more the same,
Apart from all, and yet of all a part,
In the deep peace of the eternal heart
Let me abide with those who overcame,
From earth and all its phantoms many-hued
Absorbed into the colorless rest of Boodh.

The stainless, painless, passionless rest of Boodh !
There is no evil, and there is no good,
Nor life, nor death, nor time, nor space, nor aught
But conscious will, and all-compelling thought,

And the deep sense of calm immutable
In which the immortal dwell,
By whom are all things known and understood
Far sunken in the solemn rest of Boodh.

The rest of Boodh ! The starry rest of Boodh !
The love of old, and the ancestral feud,
Shall move no more, forgotten and forgiven
In the repose of heaven.
The stars shall fall ; the sun be turned to blood ;
The earth be shrouded in a fiery flood ;
The heavens be rolled together as a scroll ;
The form and face of Nature be renewed ;
Still shall abide the all-pervading soul,
And still the calm of those who rest in Boodh.

